

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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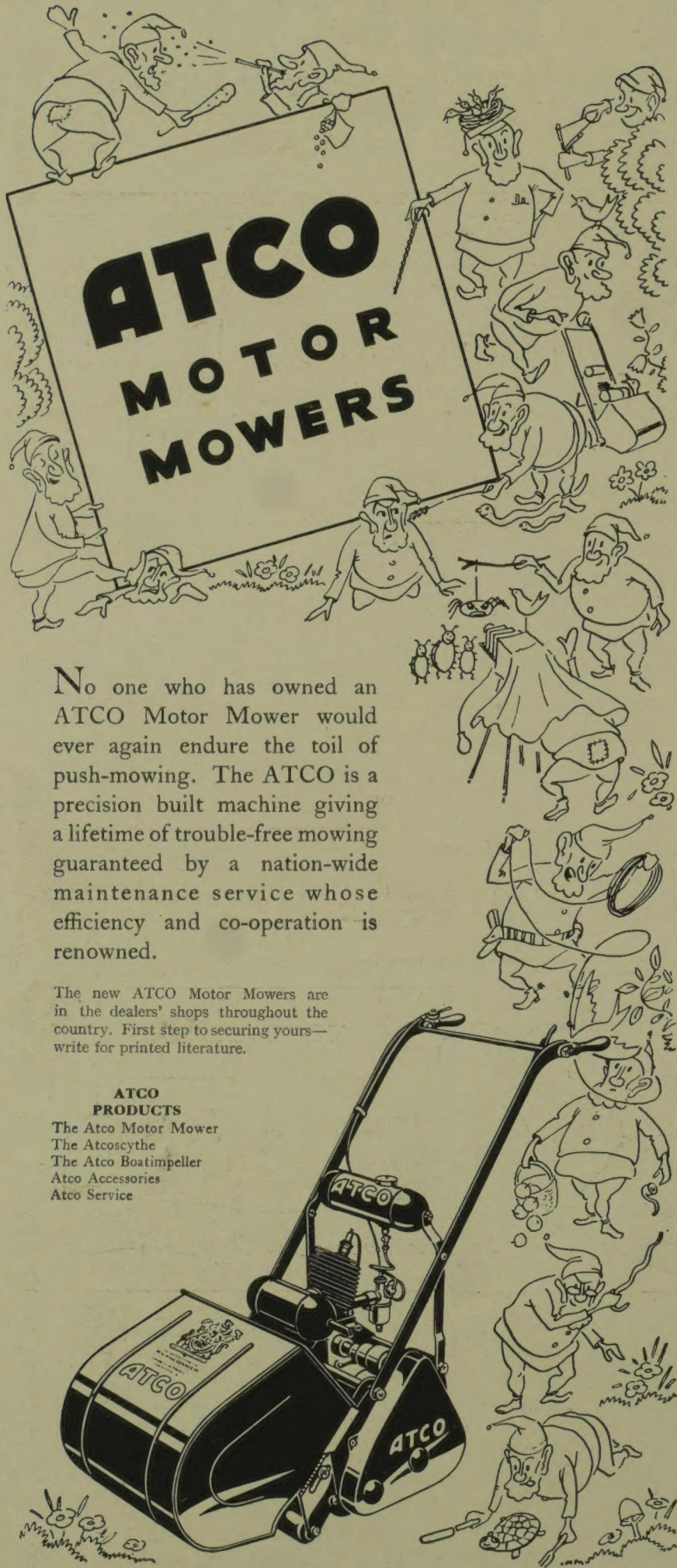
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1950.



**NAIROBI BECOMES A CITY: THE CLOSING CEREMONY, WITH THE PRINCIPAL PARTICIPANTS ON THE DAIS, DURING THE 21-GUN SALUTE, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STANDING BENEATH THE COAT OF ARMS.**

On March 30, fifty years after its foundation, Nairobi, which now has a population of some 120,000 persons, became a city by Letters Patent from the King. The new city was beflagged for the occasion and a great concourse of people of all nations thronged its streets when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester drove from Government House, through a triumphal arch, to the Town Hall. His Royal Highness presented the Letters Patent on the King's behalf to the Mayor, Alderman F. G. R. Woodley, and spoke of the history and growth of Nairobi, recalling his own and the King's previous visits to Kenya. The Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell,

presented a mace of silver-gilt and ivory to the Mayor; the Governors of Uganda and Tanganyika presented gifts of plate; and the Mayor expressed the thanks of the Council and citizens. There followed a religious service, and the ceremonies were concluded by a salute of twenty-one guns by an East African Command artillery unit. Our picture shows on the dais (l. to r.): Sir Edward Twining, Governor of Tanganyika; Lady Mitchell; H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester; the Mayor, Alderman F. G. R. Woodley; the Duchess of Gloucester; Sir Philip Mitchell, Governor of Kenya; the Mayoress, Mrs. Woodley; and Sir John Hall, Governor of Uganda.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE English are a tolerant sort of people, and on the whole a very even-tempered and good-humoured one. Perhaps they are also sometimes a rather stupid one. Certainly nothing could be more remarkable than the sublime calm with which they have taken the news—if, that is, it is correct news—that one of the key scientists employed by their Government in the most secret of all secret activities affecting the safety and very existence of the country, was a German and either an ex-suspected Communist or fellow-traveller, and that this man, while in our most confidential employment, had conveyed to the U.S.S.R. a secret which may presently give the Kremlin, unless we can speedily take counter-measures, absolute power over the life of every inhabitant of this island. As the "sweep" of that great man, Nathaniel Gubbins, says, "It makes one think!" It certainly does. As, over the charge of the Light Brigade—and what a trifling matter that seems in comparison to this!—someone would seem to have blundered. Any other people but ourselves would have strung up three or four Ministers and a score of Civil Servants, as well as a great number of totally innocent persons, on the nearest lamp-post as a way of expressing their feelings on such a matter. But, apart from the laying of a few decent and well-chosen Ministerial bouquets to show that no one was at all to blame, and a music-hall wisecrack or two, the incident has been allowed to pass without recrimination and almost without serious comment. It has been treated as just an episode. After all, it is no use crying over spilt milk.

I suppose in one sense—a Ministerial and departmental one—no one was to blame. Everything was done that should be done, and nothing was done that should not be done, as on the occasion before the war when two large and very expensive battleships ran into each other on a clear day, and with their eyes firmly fixed on one another in the Atlantic Ocean. When everything has been done that should be done and nothing has been done that should not be done, there is plainly nothing for good men to reproach one another over or to worry about. Yet in another sense it would appear that there is a great deal to worry about and a great deal for which we ought all to reproach, not others, but ourselves. We have allowed an appalling blunder to be made, and a blunder that may prove irreparable. And we ought, as a matter of elementary prudence, to consider the reasons for its having been made. For they are reasons that ought never to have existed and ought not to be allowed to continue to exist.

These reasons can be reduced to a single factor: one that goes to the root of our society—the inability of those who rule over us and form public opinion to comprehend the significance of the word "patriotism," and the necessity for its existence. We and they have got so used to the idea of patriotism as, at best, a kind of flag-wagging sentimentality and, at worst, a greedy jingoism, that we have forgotten that without patriotism, a free political society can no more function adequately than a human or animal body can function without food. A nation may officially discredit and discard patriotism for a few years, or even for a decade or two, without any great harm coming of it, for there will still be large numbers, including perhaps a whole generation, uninfluenced by the new

political nihilism, who will continue, in spite of the State's indifference or discouragement, to nurse and practise the social virtues transmitted to them by their parents and teachers. But no nation with impunity can allow more than two or three generations to grow up uninfluenced by love of country without committing national suicide. For what in a healthy nation is unconsciously taken for granted can then be taken

own internal order and secure freedom from anarchy. For patriotism, though we forget it, is the cement that keeps a national society together. Without it, inevitably, the whole structure must crumble and fall to bits, however nobly designed and however fine the individual bricks or pieces. It is like religion in a super-national society: a truth, clearly grasped by both the ancient Catholic Church and the modern

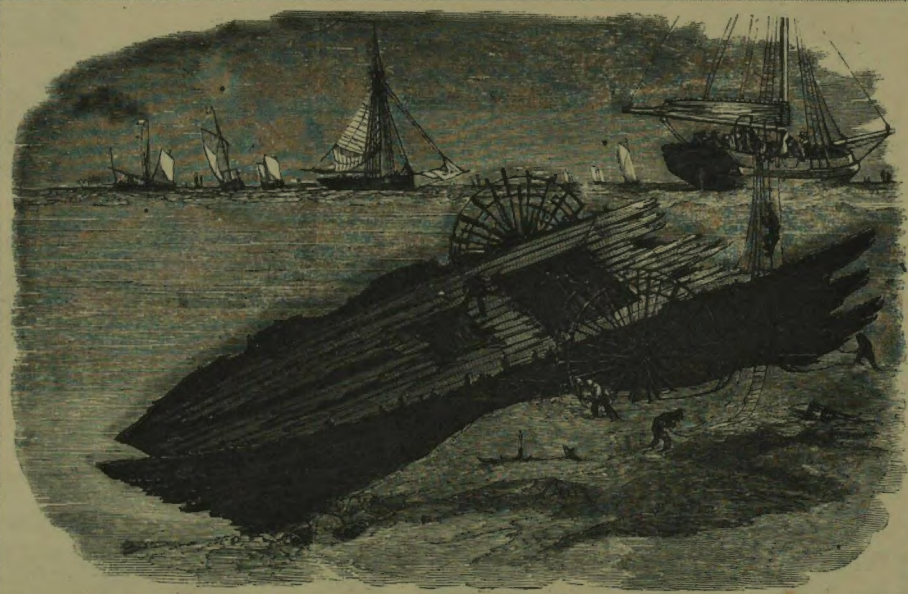
Communist one. One can no more keep a nation running without patriotism than one can keep an engine running without fuel. For more than a generation—except during the war—we have discarded patriotism in our schools and decried it in our national organs of communication, with results which are now beginning to be apparent. During that time, it is true, we have been living on our racial reserves of patriotism—inherited instincts and the even more powerful forces of transmitted family teaching. They were still strong enough in 1940 to give us the men, drawn mostly from the middle classes at all levels—not forgetting that superb Apprentices' School at Halton—who won the Battle of Britain, and the men of all classes—trained by the three fighting Services, in which the great traditions of patriotism were still preserved untarnished—who later manned the great infantry and armoured regiments, the ships of the Royal Navy and the aircraft of Bomber Command. But how much longer, one wonders, are those reserves going to serve as a bulwark against the selfish, disintegrating forces inherent in man's nature and which, unless counteracted by a spontaneous instinct for the service of the community, must sooner or later destroy any free society? What is the use of talking about socialism without the spirit which can alone make socialism operate, if it is not to degenerate, as it has done in Marxist countries, into totalitarianism and a despotism more oppressive even than that destroyed by French or Russian Revolution?

It was the failure to appreciate this underlying reality that has led to the tragedy—possibly the greatest in its consequences of any in our history—of the Fuchs case. Why should it have been supposed—and what crass stupidity to suppose it!—that a man of such antecedents, however brilliant, could be trusted with any real assurance (and in such a matter absolute assurance was essential) with secrets on which the very existence of Britain depended? The answer of the Civil Servants and politicians concerned, and of the whole unthinking British democracy that unquestioningly accepted this belief, would be that a secret that could be safely entrusted to a public-spirited English man of honour, with his inherited patriotic instincts and upbringing—say, the ordinary Grade I. Civil Servant—could with equal safety be entrusted to a foreigner inheriting, and brought up under, completely different ideals. It is this answer which to my mind reveals us as a people—the educated part of us, that is, for the other part cannot be blamed and are, generally speaking, instinctively wiser—who have temporarily lost our intellectual and spiritual bearings. The Russians, when they employ German and other scientists, are not so foolish; they entrust them with, and elicit from them, secrets of vital use to the Russian State, but they never dream of endangering that State (and all that depends on it) by giving them any chance to be disloyal to an allegiance they do not inherently share.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 6, 1850, AND APRIL 13, 1850.



THE "ROYAL ADELAIDE," STEAM-SHIP, ON HER PASSAGE FROM CORK TO LONDON.



WRECK OF THE "ROYAL ADELAIDE" STEAM-SHIP.

"The City of Dublin Steam-Packet Company's ship, *Royal Adelaide*, Capt. John Batty, plying between the ports of Cork and London, left the former city on the afternoon of Wednesday week, with a full cargo of goods and about 250 passengers; touched off Plymouth on Thursday evening; left that port for London on Friday morning at 3 o'clock; and was totally lost on the Tongue Sand, off Margate, at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, when there is too much reason to fear every soul on board perished." In *The Illustrated London News* of the following week, April 13, the lower illustration, showing the wreck of the *Royal Adelaide*, appeared, together with a full description of the tragedy. "The above sketch of the present actual position of all that remains of this ill-fated vessel, taken from personal observation, as well as the detail of the facts and circumstances which led to the catastrophe, will serve to set the public mind right upon the subject, now that so many contradictory and almost incomprehensible statements have been published." The vessel had nearly 300 deck passengers on board. The news of the disaster did not reach London until Sunday evening, after a river pilot who was waiting at Gravesend to take the *Royal Adelaide* to the Pool had chanced to hear from a Deal pilot, one Charles Gillman, that on the previous evening his barque had seen distress signals from a vessel resembling the *Royal Adelaide*. The river pilot "felt satisfied that his worst anticipations were realised, and that the unfortunate ship . . . was no other than that for which he had been so long and so anxiously looking. He immediately came on to London with Gillman, and communicated the sad intelligence to the company's manager . . ."

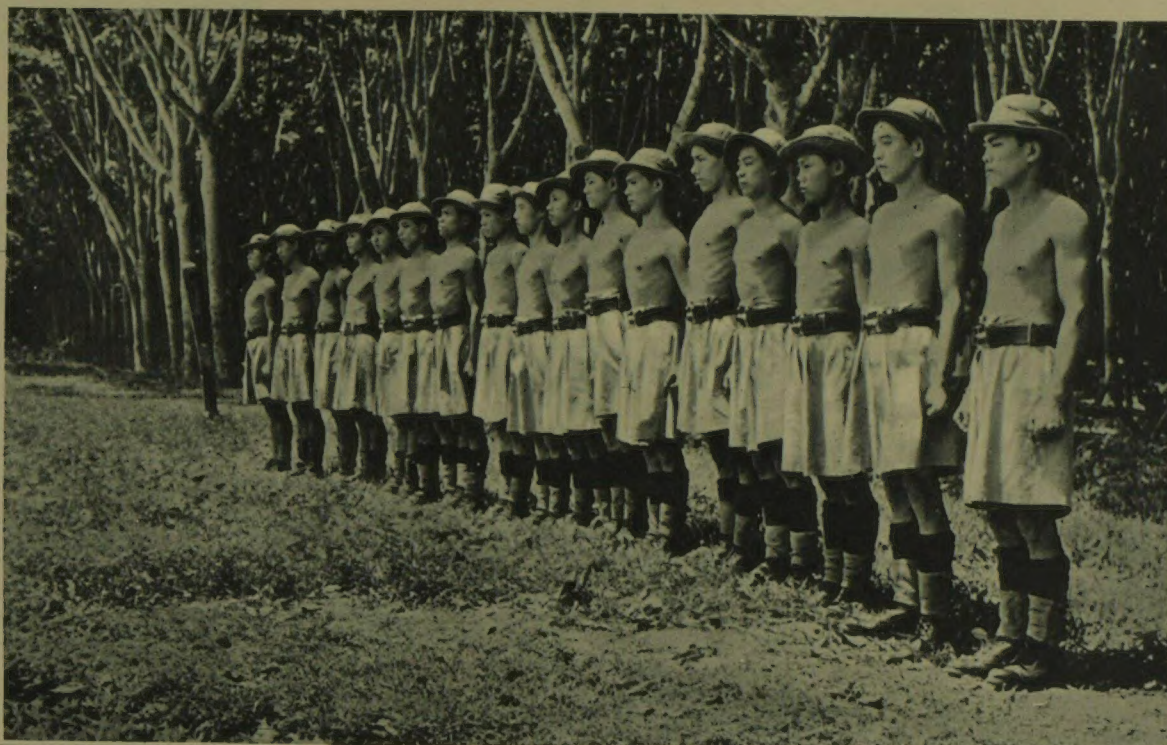
for granted no longer. Instead of the citizens of that nation being ready to work and strive and sacrifice themselves for all the other members of their society, living and unborn, and for the beliefs, institutions and material inheritance which they share in common, they will only be ready to work, strive and sacrifice themselves for their own individual interests or those of their immediate kinsfolk and friends. The effect of this will be calamitous. It will cause that nation to find itself, first unable to earn its living, then to defend itself, and finally to preserve its



## MALAYA'S BATTLE AGAINST COMMUNIST TERRORISM: TRAINING FOR WAR, AND FIGHTING THE BANDITS.



ON GUARD AMONG THE BLACKENED PILLARS OF A VILLAGE FIRED BY COMMUNIST BANDITS: A CHINESE RECRUIT TO THE MALAYAN POLICE SPECIAL FRONTIER BRANCH, IN KEDAH, NEAR THE SIAMESE BORDER.



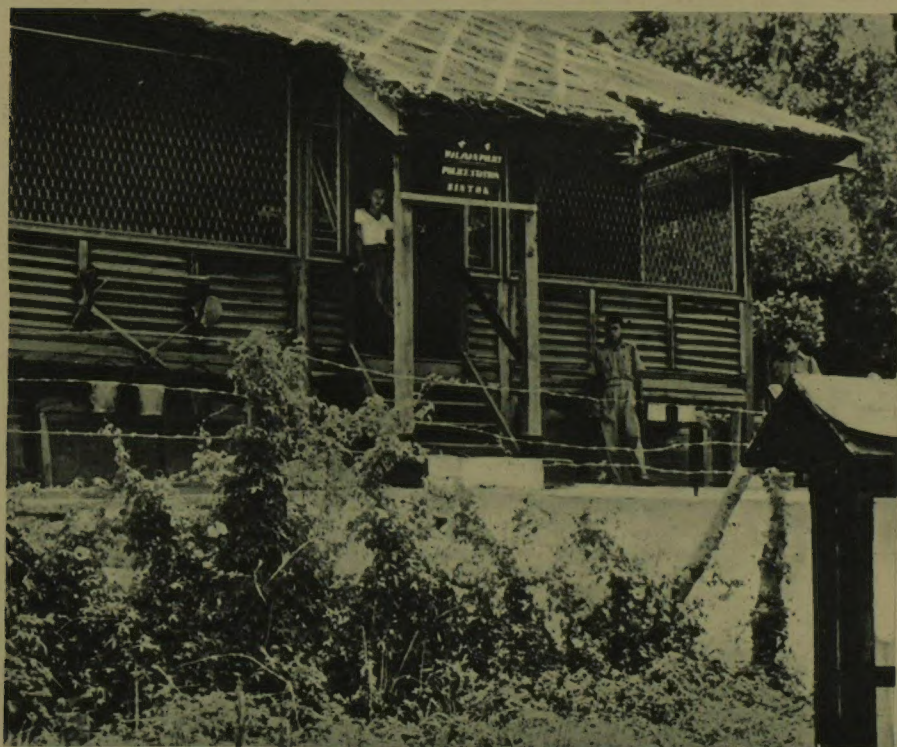
THE FIRST BATCH OF CHINESE RECRUITS TO FIGHT THE MALAYAN TERRORISTS UNDERGOING TRAINING ON THE EDGE OF A RUBBER ESTATE. THEY ARE MOSTLY DRAWN FROM NORTHERN PERAK.



COVERED BY POLICE RIFLES, A CHINESE BANDIT CAPTURED IN NORTHERN JOHORE REVEALS WHERE HE HAD HIDDEN HIS ARMS DURING ONE OF THE BATTLES BETWEEN POLICE AND TERRORISTS.



A TAMIL MEMBER OF A MALAYAN TERRORIST BAND SURRENDERING, WITH HIS RIFLE HELD ABOVE HIS HEAD, WHEN CORNERED NEAR SEGAMAT, IN NORTHERN JOHORE. THE PENALTY FOR CARRYING ARMS IS DEATH.



THE BORDER POST AND POLICE STATION AT SINTOK, NEAR THE MALAYA-SIAM FRONTIER. THE TERRORISTS ARE BELIEVED TO ASSEMBLE AND REORGANISE IN THE SIAM JUNGLE.

Although the anti-bandit month in Malaya, in which civilian volunteers co-operated with the authorities in the drive against the guerillas, ended on April 2, the Federation Government has announced some plans for continuing the all-out drive. These include the strengthening of the police system, the extension of the village guard and coast-watching systems, the intensification of squatter resettlement and of propaganda work. The most important achievement of the month's effort is said to have been the documentation of the squatters. Among recent bandit outrages the most



BRIGADIER R. C. O. HEDLEY, COMMANDING THE 48TH GURKHA INFANTRY BRIGADE, WITH A GURKHA GUARD AND DRIVER WATCHING AN ANTI-BANDIT OPERATION IN JOHORE.

notable were the throwing of a bomb into a crowded amusement park in Kuala Lumpur, whereby twenty-six people, watching dancing, were injured; and the murder of a British administrator in an ambush in Johore. The officer in question, Mr. A. H. Girdler, Administrative Officer for Kluang, and Mr. G. B. Folliott, Superintendent of Kluang police, were ambushed and both wounded, Mr. Girdler later dying. He is believed to have been bayoneted while lying on the ground with bullet and grenade wounds. He is the first Malayan Civil Service officer to be killed during the emergency.



## A SURVEY OF THE CURRENT NEWS: THE WORKS OF MAN, AND NATURE'S WONDERS.



WATCHING THE SEVERN "BORE": SPECTATORS AT STONEBENCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, WATCHING THE HIGH WATER SWEEP ROUND THE BEND OF THE RIVER. Hundreds of people watched the Severn "bore" from the banks of the river on April 4. The "bore" is caused when a high tide from the Atlantic rushes up the narrowing funnel-shaped Severn estuary, reversing the river's flow and making the water rise sharply.



VIEWS A FINE DISPLAY OF MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM AT HANDCROSS, IN SURREY: FELLOWS OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY ADMIRING THE SPRING FLOWERS. One of the most beautiful shows of recent years opened on April 4 in the Royal Horticultural Society's halls at Westminster, to mark the Camelia and Magnolia Conference. During the conference members visited Handcross, in Surrey, to see some choice blooms.



"TO ENABLE RECONSTRUCTION WORK AND REPAIRS TO BE CARRIED OUT": THE SOVIET AUTHORITIES START WALLING-UP THE BRANDENBURG GATE IN BERLIN. The Soviet Sector authorities in Berlin have ordered the erection of a brick wall to close off the Brandenburg Gate, which is on the border of the Soviet-British Sector. The Russians say it is being walled up to enable reconstruction work and repairs to be carried out.



COPENHAGEN AND BACK IN 137 MINUTES: SQUADRON LEADER JAN ZURAKOWSKI LEAVING HIS GLOSTER METEOR JET AFTER THE FLIGHT ON APRIL 4. A Gloster Meteor jet single-seater fighter aircraft, piloted by Squadron-Leader Jan Zurakowski, flew from Northolt to Copenhagen and back in a total flying time of 137 mins. 10 secs. on April 4. The flight was claimed as a record subject to confirmation by the Royal Aero Club. The pilot, who is thirty-six, is a former Polish fighter pilot. Last month a de Havilland Comet jet air-liner flew from London to Copenhagen in 1 hour 18 mins. and returned in 1 hour 24 mins.



DAMAGED BY TIME-BOMBS AT KAITAK AIRPORT, HONG KONG: A TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT, RECENTLY TRANSFERRED TO COMMUNIST CONTROL, WITH ITS ENGINE COWLING SHATTERED. Recently the Chief Justice of Hong Kong confirmed the Chinese Communists' claims to seventy-one transport aircraft of the China National Aviation Corporation and the Central Air Transport Corporation grounded at Kaitak Airport, Hong Kong. On April 2 seven of these aircraft were damaged by time-bombs.



TO NEW YORK BY AIR—IN A COACH: THE MINIATURE B.O.A.C. PASSENGER COACH WHICH LEFT LONDON ON APRIL 4 IN THE STRATOCRUISER IN BACKGROUND. This photographic study of means of transport shows (right) a normal B.O.A.C. passenger coach and beside it its miniature, a scale model complete with engine and seating for three children; and, left, the giant Stratocruiser "Cambria," in which the model was flown to New York.



MAN, NATURE AND SCIENCE: THE ARTS OF WAR AND PEACE.



"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!": *BUSHMAN*, THE FAMOUS GORILLA OF LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO, WHO CELEBRATED HIS TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY ON MARCH 30, IS SEEN BESIDE THE SPECIAL CAKE WHICH WAS BAKED FOR HIM.



TO BE PRESERVED IN MEMORY OF THE FAMOUS OLD FIGHTING SHIP: THE FIGUREHEAD OF *IMPLACABLE* ARRIVING AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.

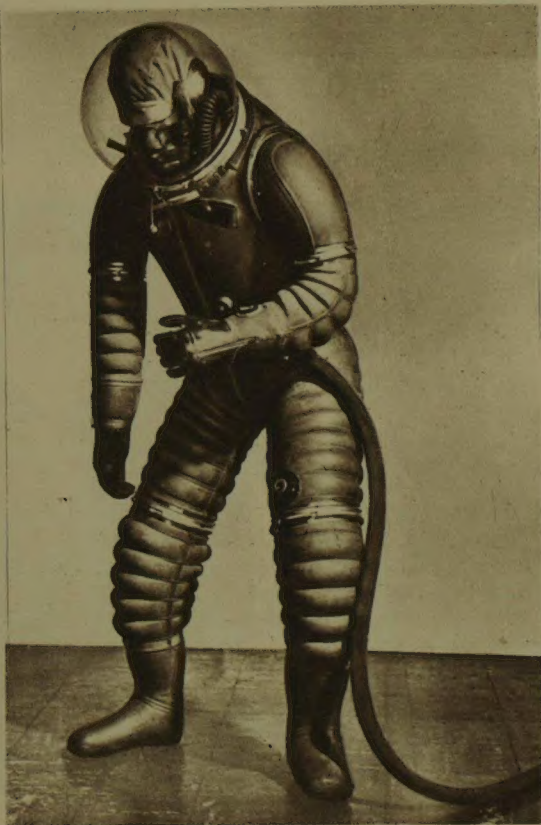
Although the famous old fighting ship *Implacable* was, to the general regret, scuttled last December, her memory will be honoured at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. Her figurehead arrived there safely on April 5, having made its last journey by naval transport from Portsmouth.

An exhibition of the work of young Egyptian artists, including some under ten years of age, was opened last week at the Islamic Cultural Centre, London, by H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador. It is entitled "Spontaneity in the Art of Young Egyptians," and consists of sculpture, drawings and tapestries, many of them of considerable merit. The exhibition, which is sponsored by Unesco, has already been seen in Paris, and will continue in London until April 18.



A FARM SCENE OF CONSIDERABLE CHARM: BY SAYEDDA MISAK, COMPLETED WHEN HE WAS SIXTEEN, EXHIBITED AT THE ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE IN LONDON.

ON VIEW AT THE "SPONTANEITY IN THE ART OF YOUNG EGYPTIANS" EXHIBITION IN LONDON: A GROUP IN CLAY MODELLED BY YEHIA ABU SEREI, AGED ELEVEN.



NOT CREATURES FROM MARS—BUT MEN OF THE UNITED STATES FIGHTING SERVICES IN SPECIALLY-DESIGNED PROTECTIVE SUITS: (L. TO R.) A U.S.A.F. FIRE-FIGHTING SUIT, A U.S.A.F. PRESSURE SUIT, AND A U.S. ARMY WINTER-WARFARE SUIT.

Remarkable protective suits have been devised for men of the U.S. fighting services. The U.S.A.F. fire-fighting suit of aluminium foil is laminated to a smooth cloth base. The helmet is a one-way mirror affording full view from within. The U.S.A.F. pressure suit is designed to enable airmen to

fly as high as 62,000 ft. with safety; and the winter warfare training-suit for men of the U.S. Army is provided with a strange face-mask designed to help the wearer breathe in sub-zero temperatures, and to afford him protection from the intense cold.



SOME PERSONALITIES AND  
EVENTS OF THE WEEK.PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE,  
AND OCCASIONS OF NOTE.TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A 25-FT. YACHT  
VERTUE XXXV.: MR. HUMPHREY BARTON.

On April 7, Mr. Humphrey Barton, a well-known cruising and ocean-racing yachtsman, arranged to sail from Lymington in an attempt to cross the Atlantic from east to west in a 25-ft. yacht, *Vertue XXXV*. In our issue of April 1 we published a diagrammatic illustration of the yacht by G. H. Davis.



SIR CUTHBERT WHITAKER.

Died on April 4, aged seventy-six. He had been editor of *Whitaker's Almanack* since 1895, when he succeeded his father, who founded the *Almanack* in 1868. He played a considerable part in the affairs of the City of London; in 1924 he was Chief Commoner.



DR. W. RUSSELL BRAIN.

Elected President of the Royal College of Physicians in succession to Lord Moran, Dr. W. Russell Brain, physician to the London Hospital and to the Hospital for Nervous Diseases, is a neurological physician. He is the author of books and papers on nervous diseases.



PROFESSOR P. N. URE.

Died on April 3, aged seventy. He had been Emeritus Professor of Classics, The University, Reading, since 1936, having previously been Professor of Classics there since 1911. In 1907 he was present when the site of the city of Mykalessos was uncovered in Greece.



SIR FIROZ KHAN NOON.

The new Governor of East Bengal, Sir Firoz Khan Noon, formerly High Commissioner for India in London, succeeded the last British Governor in Pakistan, Sir Frederick Bourne, on April 5. Sir Firoz has been, since 1947, a member of the Provincial Cabinet, West Punjab.



HOLDER OF A NEW WORLD SPRINT RECORD:

MISS MARJORIE JACKSON, OF AUSTRALIA. On March 31 the eighteen-year-old dual Empire Games sprint winner, Miss Marjorie Jackson, beat the world record by running 100 yards in 10.7 secs. at Newcastle, Australia. Her time beat by one-tenth of a second the record held by Mrs. F. Blankers-Koen, the Dutch triple Olympic winner.

BEFORE LEAVING FOR CANADA BY AIR: FIELD MARSHAL  
LORD ALEXANDER AND LADY ALEXANDER.

Field Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis, one of the great British war leaders, who has been Governor-General of Canada since 1946, and Viscountess Alexander left this country for the Dominion by air on April 3 at the conclusion of their visit to England.

A ROYAL WINTERSPORTER: H.M. QUEEN JULIANA OF THE  
NETHERLANDS, SKI-ING IN FRANCE.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, Prince Bernhard and their two elder daughters, Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene, have been enjoying a winter-sporting holiday at Val d'Isère, South-East France. Prince Bernhard returned to Holland on March 19 from his two-and-a-half months' goodwill tour of the Americas.

HOME FROM KENYA: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER  
TALKING TO ADMIRAL BROMLEY AT LONDON AIRPORT.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived at London Airport on April 5 on their return from Kenya, where the Duke presented to Nairobi the King's Charter, raising it to the status of a city. On their way home the Duke and Duchess spent a night at Malta.



THE RETIRING EDITOR OF THE DAILY

TELEGRAPH: MR. ARTHUR E. WATSON. Mr. Arthur E. Watson, editor of the *Daily Telegraph* since 1924, who has recently attained his seventieth birthday, retired on April 8 at his own request, after forty-eight years' service with the paper. He was the doyen of the editors of Britain's national daily newspapers.



AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER IN LONDON: (L. TO R.) FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY;

MR. J. J. MCCLOY, THE GUEST OF HONOUR; AND SIR CAMPBELL STUART. More than 400 people attended the Pilgrims' Dinner to Mr. J. J. McCloy, United States High Commissioner for Germany, at the Savoy Hotel on April 4. The chairman of the Pilgrims, Sir Campbell Stuart, presided and in proposing the health of the guest of honour, was supported by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery. The speeches were broadcast by the B.B.C. A cable was received from Mr. John Davis, president of the Pilgrims of the United States, sending "affectionate greetings."



THE NEW EDITOR OF THE DAILY

TELEGRAPH: MR. COLIN R. COOTE. Mr. Colin R. Coote recently succeeded Mr. Arthur E. Watson as editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. He has been deputy editor for the last five years. Born in 1893, Mr. Coote was Member of Parliament (C.L.) for the Isle of Ely Division from 1917 to 1922.



# A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON THE NEWS: FAR AND NEAR EVENTS RECORDED BY CAMERA.



A ROYAL INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL MALTA ARTILLERY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH CROSSING THE PARADE GROUND WITH THE GOVERNOR, SIR GERALD CREASY, DURING THE CEREMONY.

On April 3 Princess Elizabeth took the salute when she inspected the Royal Malta Artillery on the Floriana parade ground, the occasion being the eighth anniversary of H.M. the King's assumption of the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the Regiment. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Governor of Malta, Sir Gerald Creasy, and read a message from the King to R.M.A. regimental commanders expressing thanks for a message of loyal greetings on the anniversary sent by all ranks of the Royal Malta Artillery.

(RIGHT.) TO REOPEN WITH THE LORD MAYOR'S EASTER BANQUET ON APRIL 19: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEWLY-RESTORED EGYPTIAN HALL IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House has been restored to its pre-war magnificence at a cost of £10,000, and is to be reopened with the Lord Mayor's Easter Banquet on April 19. The two stained-glass windows, 30 ft. high and about 13 ft. wide, among the largest in London, have been replaced after being stored for safety for ten years in the vaults of the Mansion House. The Hall is now lighted by 184 fluorescent tubes concealed in the cornice.



PRESENTING TWO CLAYMORES ON BEHALF OF THE ROYAL SCOTS TO THE COLONEL OF THE 10TH GURKHA RIFLES: THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT GLENCORSE BARRACKS.

On April 4 the Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief of The Royal Scots, presented two claymores on behalf of her regiment to General Sir Philip Christison, Colonel of the 10th Gurkha Rifles (Princess Mary's Own), at Glencorse Barracks, near Edinburgh. The gift was arranged to celebrate the official affiliation of the two regiments, the culminating point of a close association lasting over sixty years.



WHERE SERETSE KHAMA RECEIVED FORMAL NOTICE OF HIS BANISHMENT: THE CHIEF-DESIGNATE GREETED BY BAMANGWATO TRIBESMEN AT GABERONES, BECHUANALAND. Seretse Khama, who has been permitted to go to Lobatsi pending the hearing of a lawsuit which he is bringing against his uncle, the ex-Regent Tshekedi, arrived by air at Gaberones, Bechuanaland, on March 31. Here he was handed a formal notice of his banishment from the Bamangwato territory, and was greeted by Bamangwato tribesmen who had gathered at the airport to see their chief-designate. Seretse was allowed to move freely among his people before leaving for Lobatsi, fifty miles away. There were no demonstrations in spite of the obvious warmth of his reception.



HANDING ONE OF THE CLAYMORES FOR SAFE KEEPING TO A GURKHA OFFICER: GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHRISTISON, COLONEL OF THE 10TH GURKHA RIFLES, AT GLENCORSE.

In her speech, the Princess Royal said: "My regiment is proud to be so closely tied to those whom we have known and admired for so long, and whose gallantry and fighting traditions are renowned throughout the Army." The Gurkha Regiment, now based in Malaya, are to present two kukris to The Royal Scots at a luncheon in London next month, and these will be accepted by the Princess Royal.



# THE EARLIEST MANUSCRIPT OF THE RUBA'YAT.

"THE RUBA'YAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM" edited from a newly discovered manuscript dated 658 (1259-60) in the possession of A. Chester Beatty, Esq.; By A. J. ARBERRY.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"NOT THAT I WOULD BOAST" is the title of one of Sir Max Beerbohm's incomparable little works. Well, I don't want to boast either: but I can say this, that I have always made a practice of reading every word of all books (Encyclopædias only excepted) which have been submitted to me for criticism. There may be many other habitual reviewers besides myself who are content, for conscience' sake, to live laborious days, even if that involves shunning delights. But I feel sure that there are some (and, goodness knows, it can be easily enough done) who are able to produce plausible reviews after extremely rapid and sporadic perusals. I remember that, shortly before he died, I met the late Arnold Bennett (some of whose novels, I think, will be revived for future generations, as Trollope's have been revived for ours) at an evening party. We had known each other well: for three years during and after the 1914 war we had taken a weekly Turkish bath with C. F. G. Masterman, who had been appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, had to resign and fight by-elections (I still think that a good idea) because he had taken "an office of profit under the Crown," was relentlessly pursued at by-elections by Horatio Bottomley and his cohorts, and, in the end, was out of Parliament, and, though he was a good dreamer at heart, became superficially cynical, especially about politics.

If it goes on long enough, one gets to know people rather well in a Turkish bath. Bennett I knew well, and loved him as far as he would allow anyone to love him: for he was sensitive and self-conscious to a degree, was handicapped by a stammer, and thought, quite wrongly, that he was handicapped in civilised London Society, where rank, politics and the arts used to fuse over the dinner-tables, because he had protruding teeth, and a background in the Potteries. But, to return to that evening (and that shy, sensitive creature would never have believed that anyone was as fond of him as I was), Arnold Bennett shot out at me the remark (the reader may supply the really dreadful stammer): "How the devil do you manage to read all the books you review?"

I replied that I reviewed one considerable book each week, and each month reviewed about five small books of verse, mostly bad. There was no difficulty at all. I then, the worm turning, asked him how he managed, each week, to survey an enormous quantity of books on which he gave judgment in an evening paper. The experienced summariser glared at the industrious plodder and said: "I don't read 'em!"

For once I am of Arnold Bennett's party. For I am simply not able to read half this book. It doesn't mean that I wouldn't like to: in my twenties I was on the Persia Committee, trying to save Persia from the Russians (there is still a storm-centre there) and attempted to learn the language. I tried to learn it all out of books (we don't learn our own language thus), and I failed. And half this book is in Persian: all the stanzas in the manuscript under consideration, and a great many variant readings, to which I might have a clue were the language Latin, but which, as things stand, are to me but a diversity of elegant but incomprehensible squiggles and dots. The result is that I cannot review Omar, but only Omar as he is produced by his translators; and where his translators disagree I may like one version better than another, but cannot judge which is the more faithful to the original.

More faithful to the letter, I mean: as to the spirit, I know what I think, but have no right to express an opinion, as I can read Omar only as interpreted by Fitzgerald, Professor Arberry, and other translators. Eruditescholars have tried to persuade me that Omar was really a mystic, and that "Wine" and "Thou" do not mean what they seem to mean, but are merely emblematic of things spiritual and eternal: had I been of that

opinion I should never have been so profane as to attend dinners of (according to the upholders of that doctrine) the grossly heretical Omar Khayyam Society, which wears roses in its buttonholes and by no means disdains the Daughter of the Grape.

The text of Omar Khayyam—and I must once more, and finally, emphasise the fact that I cannot read the text and can only repeat what has been told me—is still in a state of great confusion. Large numbers of verses are extant in various manuscripts, and scholars, even Persian scholars, differ as to which are authentic and which are not. There seems to have been a custom in the Near East (which, as everybody should

discovery of earlier and earlier manuscripts, which will bring us nearer the original text and give us clues as to which of the many floating stanzas came from the master's own mouth. One such manuscript is Professor Arberry's theme. He never meant to be involved in the Omar controversy; but that prince of collectors and benefactors, Mr. Chester Beatty, acquired a manuscript and asked his opinion of it, and he found himself involved up to the neck. How could he resist it? "There it was, a slender, fragile little volume, a mere handful of leaves brown and stained with age and fond attention. The writing, firm and clear, shouted from the pages its antiquity and authority; here, I said, recognising this and the other palaeographical feature—here is undoubtedly a manuscript of the thirteenth century, and, in consequence, the oldest copy of Omar Khayyam's poems hitherto discovered. I turned quickly to the colophon: my conjecture was gloriously confirmed: 'Finished the book, with God's help . . . blessing and peace upon Muhammad . . . in the Year of the Flight six hundred and fifty-eight.' The date was given at length, not in numerals; the colophon was beyond question in the same hand as the rest of the manuscript. The celebrated Oxford codex which Fitzgerald had studied, and which was universally respected as the oldest and correctest copy in existence, had now been bettered by exactly two centuries. Instead of our standing 328 years away from the death of Omar Khayyam the gap had suddenly been reduced to 128 years."

Professor Arberry found in the ms. 172 quatrains, "and of these no fewer than eight were entirely unknown," while in almost all there were readings which improved the existing text. The odd thing is that (unless, in spite of repeated searchings, I have overlooked something) Professor Arberry does not indicate which the hitherto unknown quatrains are. It is possible that they may be those which have the sole label "Yadgar," that being a paper published in Tehran, which in 1946 described a manuscript, privately owned in Persia, which dates from A.D. 1208. But it doesn't much matter, until and unless the poems are translated by a poet. It is commonly said that poetry is untranslatable: that is not true: a poet can translate, and give an equivalent where a literal is not possible. But it is certainly true that poetry is not translatable into prose, or even into verse by scholarly versifiers who are not poets. Had Burns's song, "My Luve's like a red, red rose," been written in Persian, the scholars would have translated it as "My love is like a red rose which has just come out," and all the magic would have gone. But had Fitzgerald translated it the roses would have kept their scent, and the nightingales their songs. There is a quatrain here "Not translated by Fitzgerald or Whinfield," which runs: "Heaven brings no rose (to birth) out of the earth, except it shatters the same and commits it (all) to the clay again: if the clouds should take up the dust like water, until the resurrection they would rain all the blood of (our) dear loves." That is merely a cold-blooded, and not too

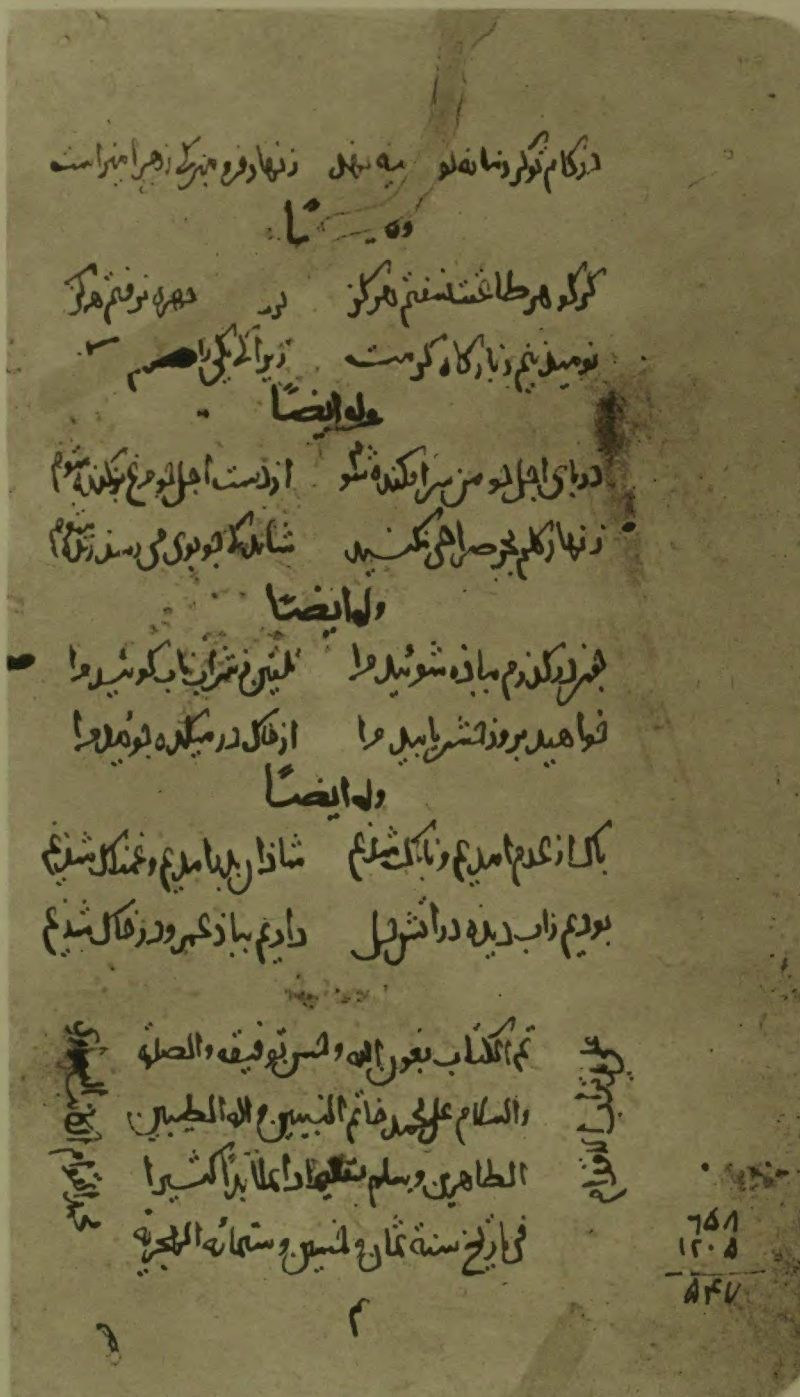
lucid, statement. But think what Fitzgerald would have made of it, the man with a voice who could sing and croon and rhapsodise and lament and lullaby: the terse statements would have come to life like the dry bones in Ezekiel's Valley. It is pleasant to think that we are getting nearer a correct corpus of Omar's work. But it won't be much use to English people until another Fitzgerald arises, a poet with the time, money and inclination to learn Persian.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 596 of this issue.



PROFESSOR ARTHUR JOHN ARBERRY, THE EDITOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Professor Arberry, who was born in 1905, has been Sir Thomas Adams's Professor of Arabic, University of Cambridge, since 1947. He was Professor of Persian, University of London, 1944; Professor of Arabic, University of London, and Head of Near and Middle East Department, School of Oriental and African Studies, 1946. He has written a number of books, including "Fifty Poems of Hafiz" (1947), and "Pages from the Kitab al-Luma'" (1947).



FROM THE CHESTER BEATTY MS. OF "OMAR KHAYYAM"—THE COLOPHON PAGE FACSIMILE SIZE. Mr. J. V. S. Wilkinson, Librarian to Mr. Chester Beatty, thus describes the last page of the "Omar Khayyam" manuscript: "The page contains the last verses and the colophon. This, as is common with Persian manuscripts, includes the Muhammadan date of completion, the 'Year of the Hijrah six hundred and fifty-eight,' corresponding to 1259-60 A.D. Colophon dates are sometimes given in figures, the disadvantage of which is that they can be fairly easily altered, as they often have been by the unscrupulous. In this case, however, the date is written out in Arabic words, obviously by the same hand as the rest of the manuscript. It is interesting to note the little sum at the bottom right-hand corner, which reads 658

1208 showing that in the year 1205 (=1790-1 A.D.) the age of the 547 manuscript was calculated, presumably by a former owner, as being 547 lunar years. This indicates that the writer of the note accepted the date given. The handwriting of the manuscript, moreover, has certain peculiarities which place it securely in the thirteenth century A.D. The script is a Persian Naskhi, which is the older of the two types of writing principally used by Persian scribes. The book is of scholarly rather than aesthetic interest. Yet, from the fact that it antedates the celebrated Bodleian manuscript of Omar's quatrains, on which Fitzgerald founded his great poem, by two hundred years, this little book of twenty-nine pages, though a century-and-a-quarter later than the Astronomer-Poet's death, is of the highest textual value, and clearly ranks as one of the most precious Persian literary treasures that have come to light in the present century."

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now know, is farther away than the Middle East) to say, whenever anybody produced a jocular, sceptical, epicurean stanza, "That's good enough for Omar, old boy," as our fathers used to say "That's good enough for Punch." The result was that a good many barnacles became attached to the Khayyam hull.

It is evident that the only final testimony about the text of these so easily forgeable quatrains would be a manuscript in Omar's own hand, bearing a statement by him that the contents of it were the canon. In the absence of that, all that can be hoped for is the

\* "The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam," edited from a newly-discovered manuscript dated 658 (1259-60) in the possession of A. Chester Beatty, Esq., by A. J. Arberry, Sir Thomas Adams's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, with comparative English versions by Edward Fitzgerald, E. H. Whinfield and the Editor. With a Facsimile Page. (Emery Walker, 3 guineas.)





**A POEM IN STEEL: THE BIRCHENOUGH BRIDGE, ONE OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA'S MOST REMARKABLE SIGHTS.**

The Birchenough Bridge, whose gleaming tracery we show above, is the third largest single-span bridge in the world and crosses the Sabi River, in Southern Rhodesia, at 280 ft. above the waters. It was one of the benefits conferred by the Beit Trustees and has served to open up much of the south-eastern area of Southern Rhodesia

and improved road transport between the Union of South Africa and the eastern districts of Rhodesia which march with Mozambique. It was opened in 1935, cost £125,000 to build, and is named after the late Sir Henry Birchenough, G.C.M.G., who was for many years closely associated with the development of Rhodesia and Mashonaland.



## A SHEIKH AND HIS PEREGRINES: HAWKING ON THE TRUCIAL COAST.



SHOWING THE TYPE OF GLOVE—MERELY A CUFF ON WHICH THE FALCON IS PERCHED: SHEIKH ZAID BIN SULTAN, MOUNTED ON A CAMEL, WITH A PEREGRINE ON HIS WRIST.



WITH THE HOOD (RIGHT) AND GLOVE LYING ON THE SAND: A PEREGRINE ON ITS BLOCK. ON THE TRUCIAL COAST PEREGRINE (*SHAHIN*) ARE USED BY THE ARABS.



A PEREGRINE BELONGING TO SHEIKH ZAID BIN SULTAN: THESE FALCONS ARE CAPTURED ON THE SALT FLATS AND ISLANDS OFF THE COAST WHILE ON MIGRATION.

Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., who has travelled widely in Southern Arabia (he spent four years with the Bedu, in and around the Empty Quarter) and served in Ethiopian, Syrian and Western Desert campaigns, took the photographs we reproduce on this and the facing page when hawking with the Abu Falak Sheikhs on the Trucial Coast at the southern end of the Persian Gulf, as the guest of Sheikh Zaid Bin Sultan. In this part the Arabs use the peregrine (*shahin*), whereas



A NEWLY-TAKEN PEREGRINE BEING TRAINED TO FLY TO THE LURE: THE GLOVE, JESSE AND LEASH ARE SHOWN. ARABS TRAIN A FALCON IN TWENTY DAYS.

on the open gravel plains of the Nejd they prefer the saker falcon (*hurr*). "Three weeks are needed to train a peregrine," writes Mr. Thesiger, "and it is then used to take bustards, hares and occasionally stone curlews. A good falcon will take as many as seven or eight bustard in one day, and Arab hunting parties sometimes take as many as fifty bustard in one day. The bustard is rarely taken in the air, since it usually lands when overtaken and fights it out on the ground."





RIDING OVER "A GLOWING CARPET WOVEN FROM GRAINS OF RED AND SILVER SAND": AN ARAB HAWKING PARTY, SHOWING ONE OF THE SALUKI DOGS WHICH ACCOMPANY THEM.



ILLUSTRATING THE WAY IN WHICH THE ARABS OF SOUTH-EAST ARABIA RIDE, SEATED ON A SMALL SADDLE BEHIND THE CAMEL'S HUMP: ONE OF THE FALCONERS.

AN ARAB HAWKING PARTY MOUNTED ON SPLENDID CAMELS: A MEDIÆVAL SPORT SURVIVING IN TYPICAL COUNTRY NEAR BURAIMI, ON THE NORTH-WEST EDGE OF THE OMAN MOUNTAINS, SOUTH-EAST ARABIA.

Describing his experiences when hawking in south-east Arabia as the guest of Zaid Bin Sultan, Mr. Thesiger writes that the sand-dunes to the south-west of the oasis of Buraimi run east and west, like gigantic waves, separated from each other by gravel flats, and states that they were a lovely sight in the early morning: "A glowing carpet woven from grains of red and silver sand." The bustard, or *hubara*, of the Arabs, which provide the quarry for the hunt, are the MacQueen's bustard, a winter visitor to Arabia, about the size of a hen turkey. The members of the Sheikh's hunting party were mounted on magnificent camels—all female, as no one

in Arabia would ride a bull camel—and Mr. Thesiger states that when his mount, *Ghazaila*, a particularly fine animal, galloped at speed over the broken country, he was very fully occupied in staying in the saddle. Sometimes the peregrines get severely battered by the wings of the bustard, which as already noted, nearly always land when overtaken, and fight back. "Often the salukis," writes Mr. Thesiger, "which, whenever they see a falcon loosed, race along behind it, arrive in time to help, but as soon as the bustard is dead the peregrine drives them off, and when you arrive you find the dogs lying quietly beside the dead bustard..."



TO me it appears a tragedy, because it has brought into fierce opposition so many honest and well-intentioned men on either side. Doubtless there are fanatics and schemers with ulterior motives who have plunged into the controversy, but the bulk of those who feel most strongly about the issue are the average people of Belgium. In a narrower sense and on the plane of personality, however, King Leopold's situation is also tragic. His start was as brilliant as any European monarch has had in modern times. He was the son of a popular and almost saintly King, the devoted leader of his country in the First World War. King Leopold himself during that period passed to and fro from Eton to spend holidays in uniform with his parents in the villa at La Panne where the King, as Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army, lived for the greater part of the war, within easy range of German batteries. He grew up intelligent, athletic and strikingly handsome. Some have since pretended that certain temperamental weaknesses caused him to plunge occasionally as an aircraft plunges in a cold current of air, but this may have been an invention intended to account for misfortunes then undreamed of. His marriage was successful, and the Queen became the most popular figure in the realm.

The principle that the King of the Belgians is Commander-in-Chief of the Army in time of war is embodied in the constitution. So much insistence is placed upon it that, in the First World War, a certain amount of trouble was caused and the Belgians could not place their Army under the strategic direction of Marshal Foch in 1918 on quite the same terms as the British and Americans. In the Second World War, as soon as Belgium was invaded by the Germans, King Leopold assumed supreme command of the Belgian forces as a matter of course. One can recall only too clearly the events of that disastrous campaign and the flood of condemnation which descended on the King, especially from the French—who were to demand an armistice themselves so soon afterwards—but also to some extent from ourselves. He afterwards found some strong defenders, notably the late Lord Keynes, who was with him at the time. On the whole, that particular incident, the actual laying-down of its arms by the Belgian Army on the King's command, seems to be no longer in the foreground; but the incident associated with it is very much so. The Cabinet, which had quitted the country, demanded that the King should join it, so that the Government could be set up abroad. He refused to do so. He said he would stay and share the fate of his people, under German occupation.

It is not easy to judge this decision in the light of worldly wisdom. There were advantages and disadvantages from the point of view of the Crown as well as that of the State in the cause advocated by the Belgian Cabinet. The King of Denmark, who remained in his country throughout the war, is as popular as the King of Norway, who was prevailed upon to leave his, and the monarchy is as well-established in one country as in the other. At least King Leopold's gesture should be accepted as well-meaning and generous, though it has by no means been accepted universally in this sense. Unfortunately, moreover, the critics of the King found further material in the war period. There was the resumption on his part of a German title which King Albert had disavowed. Above all, there was his second marriage. Here the very popularity of the late Queen, killed in a road accident, increased the weight of the criticism. It was alleged that the family of the King's present Consort had increased its considerable wealth owing to the conditions of the German occupation, though this has been hotly denied by the King's adherents. These grievances did not wholly exhaust the list, but they were the principal ones which prevented King Leopold's immediate return on his liberation.

This would have been a relatively simple issue. The affair has been complicated by the national, economic and religious composition of the country. The Kingdom of Belgium, which has had little more than a century of independent life, is made up of two races, Flemings and Walloons, which have been somewhat uneasy bedfellows. They speak different tongues. The former are generally professing Catholics, while there is a strong vein of anti-clericalism among the latter. The Walloon provinces are the more heavily industrialised, and for that reason the more inclined to Socialism and to some extent Communism. The Brussels area stands by itself and is less sharply divided racially, but the political divisions are equally acute. The Flemish districts are the stronghold of a form of democratic Christian Conservatism. In neither are the majorities overwhelming, but the differences are strongly marked. They were accentuated in the First World War, when the Germans set themselves, with some success, to courting the Flemish nationalist movement. The primary task of King Albert in the latter years of his reign was to heal the wounds caused by this schism. It was no easy task, but he had made progress in it when his life and reign were tragically brought to an end by an accident in his sport of rock-climbing.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TRAGEDY OF THE BELGIAN CROWN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

Apart from racial rivalries and incompatibilities, the right wing is royalist and from the first favoured the return of King Leopold; the left wing strongly opposed it. The Socialists have been the King's principal and most convinced opponents. As for the Communists, the question of the Crown has been for them a secondary matter, but they

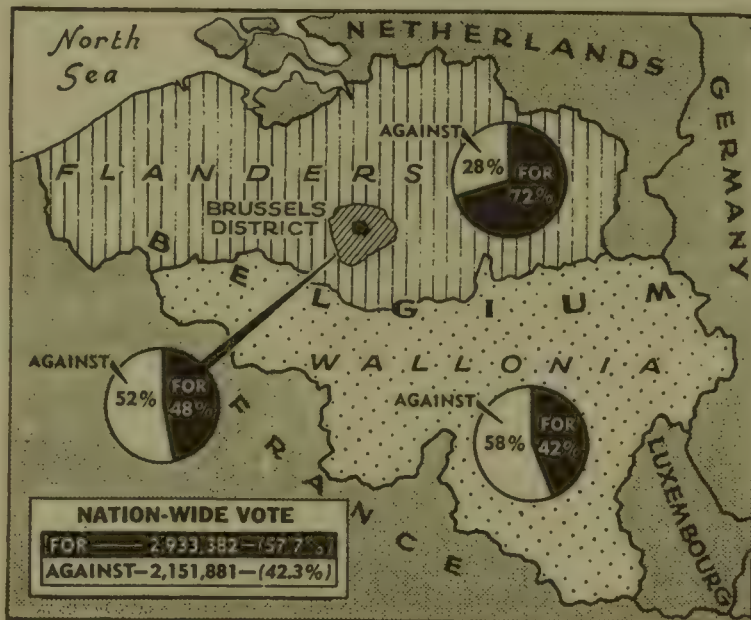
was desirable that the King's return should be sanctioned not only by a majority of the nation as a whole, which indeed was never in serious doubt, but also that it should receive a measure of acceptance in the Walloon provinces and the Brussels area, as well as among the Flemings. Again, it was desirable that the overall majority should be more substantial than one, which would just suffice for the formation of a parliamentary majority and ministry. Monarchy itself is—as many will hold, unfortunately—to some extent on the defensive in these days.

It was in these circumstances that it was decided to hold the recent referendum on the sole issue of the King's return. Most Belgians seem to have regretted it, but many who had given thought to the subject declared that it was inevitable. At all events, the result could hardly be called satisfactory. The King obtained his majority, but it was not as big as his adherents seem to have expected, and it did not extend to the Walloon provinces, where the verdict was adverse. Worse still, it solved nothing. Every party claimed that the referendum confirmed its policy, though strictly speaking the general verdict was in the King's favour, and he accepted it as such. The ugliest feature of all was the outbreak of strikes and the rioting, which made it virtually impossible for any final solution to be a happy one or to avoid leaving a legacy of bitterness. There is no form of controversy which possesses more power to poison political relations within the country in which it breaks out. Each side is by now imputing to the other the worst possible motives, and leaders formerly credited with moderation and statesmanship have lost all restraint and committed themselves to the most ungenerous and wounding accusations.

I have striven to hold the balance even, but there is one respect in which the policy of those opposed to the King's return appears to me to be disingenuous and unworthy. It is urged that he should compromise by abdicating in favour of his eldest son, now nineteen years of age. This would not be compromise but surrender on his part, because so far there is no reason to suppose that the King's strongest opponents have the power to damage the dynasty to a greater extent than this. This is about the most they can hope for, the highest they can expect to score. It is open to King Leopold's opponents to argue that he ought to surrender by abdicating, but I cannot see that they are entitled to call such a surrender a compromise. There was another fantastic suggestion which could scarcely have been expected to meet with a favourable response: that the King should return and reassume his functions on the understanding that he should abdicate within a brief period. I suggested just now that the royalists had been perhaps too clever and subtle and done their cause no good thereby. It does not appear to me, however, that they have descended as low in argument as their opponents have in this instance.

I began by speaking of the affair as a tragedy. Looking at it as optimistically as possible, I cannot see how it is to be settled without leaving one side or the other smarting under a sense of having been unjustly treated. There can be no doubt that the royalists are in the weaker position, because it is always easier to make a régime impossible than it is to make it function in face of determined opposition. Moreover, this opposition, though in the main prepared to use constitutional methods only, has some dangerous and unscrupulous allies. The purely republican element, which would gladly seize the opportunity of the troubles to overthrow the Crown altogether, is not apparently strong as yet; but it might well gather strength were the present miserable situation to be prolonged. Such is the problem which has arisen from what must have appeared at the time to King Leopold to be a comparatively simple alternative: flight from Belgium in order to rejoin his Cabinet—in which case he would have spent most of the remainder of the war in the United Kingdom—or retirement to a house in which he hoped to keep out of the way of the Germans as far as possible, while remaining with his people.

All great wars leave in their wake ills of this nature, and indeed this is a minor ill compared with many others. Yet I do not consider I have exaggerated its importance. The fashion is all for republican bonnets just now, but it has yet to be proved that they are more serviceable than the monarchical crown, which has achieved such remarkable triumphs of late in the Scandinavian States and the Netherlands. It seems to me a thousand pities that Belgian monarchy, which in 1939 appeared as well-established as any in Europe, should have been so gravely injured. Doubtless blame is merited on both sides. Yet this is one of those episodes which make us recall the background to Greek tragedy, the inexorable interference of the Fates with the destinies of men, who may possess a measure of free will but find themselves in the grip of a predestined series of events and without sufficient strength to alter their course.



HOW BELGIUM VOTED ON THE SOLE ISSUE OF KING LEOPOLD'S RETURN: A MAP SHOWING THE PERCENTAGES FOR AND AGAINST IN FLANDERS AND WALLONIA IN THE REFERENDUM OF MARCH 12.



A RULER WHOSE RETURN TO THE THRONE HAS BEEN SANCTIONED BY A MAJORITY OF THE NATION, YET WHOSE ACCEPTANCE OF THE VERDICT MAY LEAVE A LEGACY OF BITTERNESS: KING LEOPOLD III. OF THE BELGIANS.

did not desire to give the Socialists such credit as was to be obtained by opposition to the King and were in any case hostile to the dynasty. They therefore marched with the Socialists and strove to impart an element of violence to the struggle. The Liberals in the centre were split. On the side of the Court the propaganda has been skilful—perhaps too skilful for so grave and delicate an issue. It





ROARING AT SPEED DOWN THE SLIPWAY: BRITAIN'S LARGEST OIL TANKER, THE 28,000-TON *VELUTINA*, WHICH TOOK THE WATER UNUSUALLY RAPIDLY.

ON April 4 Princess Margaret launched the biggest oil tanker to be built in Britain from the Tyneside yard of Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson. The vessel, the 28,000-ton oil tanker *Velutina*, is by far the largest tanker of her kind to be built in Europe. She is the first of four ships of this size to be constructed for the Shell group of companies. These large tankers are intended chiefly to carry crude oil from the Middle East to new refineries under construction at Shell Haven, Essex, and Stanlow, Cheshire. They will each have a capacity of about 26,000 tons of oil and, with a speed of 16 knots, will be able to make about eight round voyages a year to and from the Persian Gulf, which will mean an annual total importation of about 200,000 tons of crude oil by each ship. Princess Margaret launched the *Velutina* by pulling the lever of a model engine-room telegraph. The movement of the lever snapped a wire, which released the last wedge holding the vessel on the slipway.

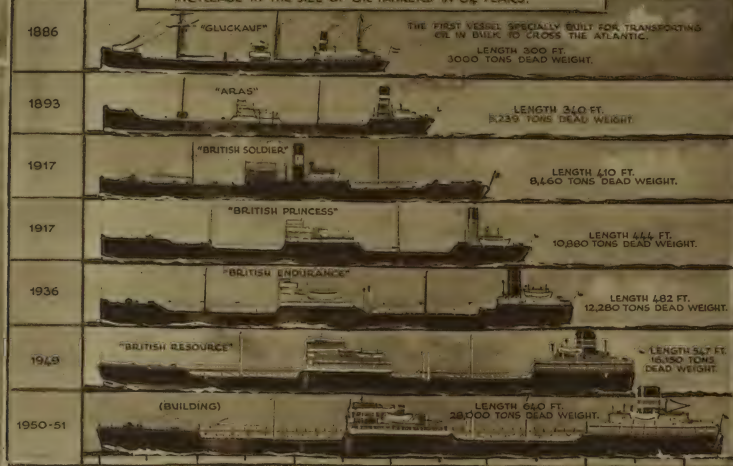


LOOKING UP AT THE BOWS OF THE GIANT OIL TANKER: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO NAMED THE SHIP *VELUTINA* AND PERFORMED THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY BY PULLING THE LEVER OF A MODEL ENGINE-ROOM TELEGRAPH.

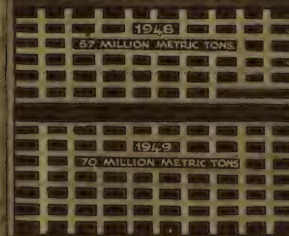
NAMING AND LAUNCHING BRITAIN'S BIGGEST OIL TANKER: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.



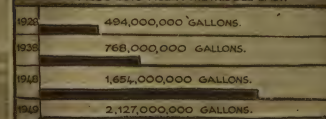
## INCREASE IN THE SIZE OF OIL TANKERS IN 64 YEARS.



## GROWTH OF MIDDLE EAST OIL PRODUCTION IN THE LAST TWO YEARS.



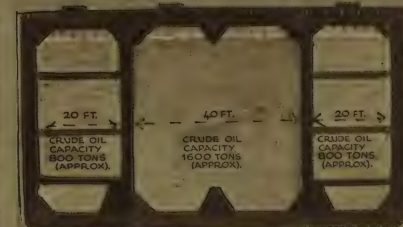
## IMPORTS OF CRUDE OIL AND PRINCIPAL REFINED PRODUCTS FROM THE MIDDLE EAST.



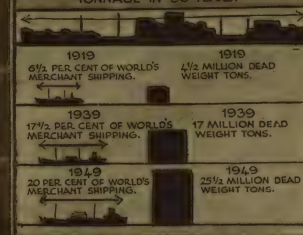
## PART-SECTIONED VIEW OF A MODERN SUPER-TANKER, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION, LENGTH 640 FT. THIS VESSEL WILL CARRY 28,000 TONS DEAD WEIGHT OF CARGO, OIL FUEL STORES, FRESH WATER, ETC.

HAYD 1950

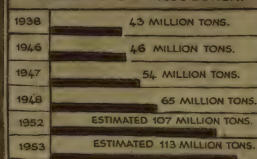
## CROSS SECTION OF THREE COMPARTMENTS IN ONE OF THE TEN TANKS IN A NEW SUPER-TANKER.



## GROWTH OF TOTAL TANKER TONNAGE IN 30 YEARS.



## STERLING OIL PRODUCTION.



## THE INCREASING SIZE OF THE WORLD'S OIL-TANKERS TO MEET INCREASED OIL PRODUCTION:

The great increase in the world's oil production reflected in the figures given on these pages, is linked with a change in tanker-building policy. Today oil-tankers of 28,000 deadweight tons are under construction, not only in the United Kingdom but also in the United States and France. One of these large ships for the Anglo-Saxon (Shell) Company was launched on April 4, by Princess Margaret and named *Velutina* (see illustrations on page 577 in this issue), and two more will leave the slipways by next June, and another in the second half of 1951. Six vessels of similar size to that depicted in our illustration are on order by

British Tanker, Co., Ltd., the marine section of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. These tankers are primarily designed to carry crude oil from the Middle East where the production of oil has jumped from 57,000,000 metric tons in 1948, to 70,000,000 metric tons in 1949. Most of the modern tankers of smaller size built in recent years are propelled by diesel engines, but these new ships will have steam machinery with water-tube boilers and geared steam-turbines developing a shaft horse-power of 13,000 at average speed. The step from the standard pre-war tanker of about 12,000 tons to these giants of the tanker-world signifies a

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.,

## A PLAN-VIEW OF A NEW VESSEL BUILT TO SATISFY THE NEEDS OF THE MACHINE AGE.

very determined departure from the conceptions prevailing in the period between the two world wars. The medium-sized tanker of 12 knots was then regarded as the most economical type. During the last war, greater carrying-capacity and higher speeds were needed to reduce the hazards of attack by the enemy. It has now been found that the larger the ship the lower the capital expenditure on its construction on a deadweight-ton basis, with the same principle applying to running costs. In the new tankers, the speed has been raised from 12 knots to more than 15 knots. It is predicted that, large as these new tankers are, as trade grows and

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the economy of operating big vessels becomes manifest, the need for suitable accommodation for such ships at the oil ports will require urgent attention, particularly as tankers of 30,000 tons deadweight are already being discussed as a possibility of the not-too-distant future. The percentage of tankers in the world's merchant-ship tonnage is growing rapidly, and to-day represents 20 per cent. of the total—the British proportion of tanker tonnage is no less than 20 per cent. In addition to the much greater carrying-capacity of large tankers, their size enables the crew's accommodation to be of a very high standard.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AMONG all the jolly and rather theatrical features that fill the Riviera landscape, I like the Italian Cypresses best. During the later stages of the journey south across

France, their tall, slender, sombre columns begin to appear, a sure and welcome sign that one is nearing the Mediterranean. At last the coast—the Riviera, a strip of enchanting nonsense set between the sea and the mountains. Casinos and luxury hotels, beautiful villas and ugly ones, glimpses of lovely gardens, and much gaudy bedding-out, orange-trees and lemons, oleanders, wistarias, and bougainvilleas, pines, red earth, the silver grey of oliveyards, and everywhere the palm-trees, looking very much "put" by some scene painter. Among it all arise the tall, tapered columns of green-black jade—the Italian Cypresses, theatrical, yet the perfect corrective to all else, and appearing to have been put there by a master-hand. It would seem almost that the cypress was incapable of appearing in a wrong place. And on that precipitous coast it finds every opportunity for grouping itself—as it should—silhouetted against an azure sky. A Mediterranean sky, however, is not the only one that suits it. Nor is it dependent on a Mediterranean climate—which, incidentally, can be extremely bitter. The Italian Cypress, *Cupressus sempervirens*, may be grown, and grown well, in English gardens, though the fact is not fully realised by the average gardener. The trouble is, I think, that so many folk have seen it so often, and for so long, among casinos and palms and prickly pears, that they have unthinkingly come to associate it with that sort of setting, and that sort of climate. There may be cold, bleak parts of England where it would become crippled. But I would say that it is quite as hardy as its cousin, the ever-popular *Cupressus macrocarpa*. And in many ways it is a far better tree. *Cupressus macrocarpa*, the Monterey Cypress, is difficult to move once it has reached a few feet in height. For that reason it is grown for sale in small pots. Once established, it grows rapidly, at first in pyramid form, but later spreading out its head like a cedar of Lebanon. Grown in fairly open formation, or as an isolated specimen, it is most attractive. Unfortunately, it has become a popular hedge plant, and the especial joy of the speculative builder. Easily raised

### THE ITALIAN CYPRESS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

one of the many shrubs which will tolerate regimentation—yew, box, hornbeam, beech. But don't wait. Scrap *macrocarpa* at once. The case is hopeless, and delay only makes the operation more painful.

The Italian Cypress, on the other hand, would, I believe, make a first-rate evergreen hedge. I have only seen it used in that way once, and that was in the famous Riviera garden La Mortola. This hedge

on an English lawn, but nearer the sea they were gnarled and twisted wind-swept veterans. Their branches were laden with small cones packed with seeds, and yet, for

some reason, there was no spontaneous spread of the tree inland. There they stood, a doomed and dying species, for there were marked signs of coast erosion. Had not man carried off seeds, to grow them in almost every temperate corner of the world, the Monterey Cypress would have become extinct in the course of a few hundred thousand years. I am no geologist. Perhaps I should have said millions. The strange thing is that, out of all the vast annual crops of seeds in the Monterey groves, neither wind, nor bird, nor beast had ever carried any inland to spread this valuable tree. It was left to man to act as carrier—and to the cypress to show that man is not always quite utterly useless.

There are two forms of the Italian Cypress, *Cupressus sempervirens horizontalis*, which would seem to be the type, with branches which spread horizontally like a cedar, and *C. s. fastigiata* or *stricta*, the familiar erect-growing form. It is probable that the type *horizontalis* would prove the more suitable for growing as a hedge. But it is the tall, dark, tapered columns of the fastigate form which can be so effective in the landscape and in the garden. Very easily raised from seed, it grows rapidly in the early stages, and, unlike *C. macrocarpa*, it may be transplanted with safety when much larger. I once transplanted a couple of 10-ft. specimens with complete success. It should, if possible, be given a position sheltered from wind. In the garden at Exbury, in the New Forest, there is a magnificent specimen which I should say, speaking from memory, must be some 70 or 80 ft. high. This tree has an interesting history. It was struck as a cutting taken from a spray of cypress which fell from the bier during the funeral procession of the great Duke of Wellington. In my garden at Stevenage I had a vigorous young descendant of the Exbury tree which the late Mr. Lionel de Rothschild gave me. It had been struck from the Wellington specimen, and when I left it, it was about 10 ft. tall. Neither this, nor another specimen, which I had raised from seed collected in Italy, ever suffered in any



"THE CYPRESS IN THE PALACE WALK . . .": *Cupressus sempervirens*, THE ITALIAN CYPRESS, WHOSE "TALL, TAPERED COLUMNS OF GREEN-BLACK JADE" MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBES AS "THEATRICAL, YET THE PERFECT CORRECTIVE TO ALL ELSE."



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF SUBURBAN HEDGING PLANTS AND "THE ESPECIAL JOY OF THE SPECULATIVE BUILDER": *Cupressus macrocarpa*, THE MONTEREY CYPRESS, GROWING AS A FOREST TREE IN THE ONLY PLACE WHERE IT OCCURS IN NATURE, CYPRESS POINT, CALIFORNIA.

Photograph from "Garden and Forest," Vol. VII., 1894.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ONLY NATURAL STAND OF *Cupressus macrocarpa*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT VISITED IN 1931; AND OF WHICH HE WRITES: "SOME OF THE TREES WERE LIKE MAJESTIC CEDARS ON AN ENGLISH LAWN, BUT NEARER THE SEA THEY WERE GNARLED AND TWISTED WIND-SWEPT VETERANS."

Photograph from "Trees of Great Britain and Ireland," by Elwes and Henry.

from seed and a rapid grower, it is reasonably cheap to buy, and young 3- to 4-ft. specimens from pots at once make a most promising-looking hedge. In a year or two, however, trouble begins. Great patches die off, especially near the base of the hedge, and those ugly brown patches are for ever beyond repair. No amount of cutting back will induce fresh growth to sprout. Unless you can put up with a hedge that looks like a grin that's lost half its teeth, the best plan is to grub out *macrocarpa* without delay, and replant with any

was about 5 ft. high, thick and rigid, and although it was a good many years old, there were no signs of the dead patches that a *macrocarpa* hedge would have shown. *Cupressus macrocarpa* is found wild in one small spot, and one only, in all the world. On the Pacific coast of California, near Monterey, there are two groves, one about two miles long, and a hundred or two yards deep, and the other much smaller. I visited the larger grove in 1931. A most impressive sight. Some of the trees were like majestic cedars

way from the very cold climate of Stevenage. Neither have several young Italian Cypresses in my present garden, in a cold part of the Cotswolds, shown any signs of distress.

There is one famous and historic Italian Cypress to which I hope some day to make pilgrimage. It is of the horizontal type, and grows at Somma, in Lombardy, close to the Simplon road, which Napoleon is said to have diverted in order to save it. It takes a great man to do a little thing like that.



# A "LITTLE AMERICA" IN JAPAN: FAMOUS U.S. LANDMARKS IN MINIATURE.



EXHIBITED AT A FAIR IN OSAKA, JAPAN: A MINIATURE MODEL OF SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMOUS GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, ONE OF SEVERAL UNITED STATES LANDMARKS DISPLAYED.



A NEW YORK SKYLINE IN A JAPANESE CITY: A MODEL OF LOWER MANHATTAN ISLAND UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR A JAPANESE FAIR IN OSAKA.



CHICAGO IN THE FAR EAST: A MODEL SHOWING THE VIEW ACROSS THE CHICAGO RIVER TOWARDS NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, WITH THE WRIGLEY BUILDING ON THE LEFT AND THE TRIBUNE TOWER AT RIGHT-CENTRE.



AMERICA'S LANDMARKS AS A FEATURE OF A JAPANESE FAIR: A MODEL OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, WHICH EVEN THOUGH IN MINIATURE DOMINATES THE SURROUNDING EXHIBITS AND DWARFS THE WORKMEN.



WHERE JAPANESE WAR LEADERS HOPED TO SIGN A PEACE TREATY, DICTATED ON THEIR OWN TERMS: A MODEL OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

Whether the occupation of Japan by United States forces has given the Japanese a taste for things American or whether they have a wanderlust which must needs be satisfied at home, the fact remains that one of the chief features in a fair at Osaka consists of miniature models of famous American landmarks. Model-making on the



THE BIRTHPLACE OF AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT: A MODEL OF THE LOG CABIN IN KENTUCKY WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN ON FEBRUARY 12, 1809.

scale depicted here is no new thing for the Japanese, for they constructed a remarkable model of Pearl Harbour for the purpose of briefing their pilots for the raid that brought the United States into the war. The humble birthplace of Abraham Lincoln makes a strange contrast to the skyscrapers of modern America.



# HELIGOLAND, PAST AND PRESENT: THE DESTRUCTION OF A GERMAN ISLAND.



IN 1936: A VIEW OVER LOWER TOWN, HELIGOLAND, TOWARDS THE LITTLE DUNE ISLET WITH ITS SEA-MARK TOWER ON THE RIGHT.



DUNE ISLET AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH MILES OF BREAKWATERS AND SHOWING THE SEA-MARK TOWER: THE SAME VIEWPOINT AS THAT IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH.



(ABOVE.) THE ROAD TO THE HARBOUR ON HELIGOLAND IN 1936: A PEACEFUL SCENE, WITH CHILDREN PLAYING AMONG THE FISHING-BOATS, WHERE LATER U-BOAT CREWS EXERCISED.



THE ROAD TO THE HARBOUR AS IT IS TO-DAY: A ROUGH TRACK AMONG THE BOMB CRATERS LITTERED WITH THE DÉBRIS OF SMASHED BUILDINGS.



A WARNING TO SHIPPING IN 1936: THE LIGHTHOUSE ON HELIGOLAND FLASHING ITS BEAMS ACROSS THE SEA AT NIGHT.

*Continued.*

nearly 2000, were considered British citizens. In 1890, Heligoland was ceded to Germany in exchange for German recognition of the supremacy of British interests in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, and in 1892 became part of the Prussian province of Schleswig-Holstein. The older islanders were allowed to retain their British citizenship, for many of the fishermen were serving in her Majesty's Navy. Meanwhile the Kaiser had given orders for a light naval unit base and submarine depôt to be constructed on the island, and on the outbreak of war in 1914, the

HELIGOLAND, an island lying off the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser, some 28 miles from the mainland, is a mile long by a third-of-a-mile wide and, with Dune Islet, a quarter of a mile to the east, was at one time a popular resort for summer tourists. It was a Danish possession when, in 1807, it was taken by a British force, and was finally ceded to England by the Treaty of Kiel in 1814. For many years it remained a British possession, and its population of fishermen and caterers, numbering

*[Continued below.]*



A WARNING TO WAR-MAKERS IN 1950: THE LANTERN-ROOM AND BALCONY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE ON HELIGOLAND UPSIDE DOWN IN A CRATER ON THE ISLAND.

population was evacuated to Hamburg and the island was heavily fortified. A somewhat dejected population returned on December 5, 1918, to their little houses and 6-ft.-wide streets on Heligoland, and began to rebuild their former industries to the sound of explosions as the fortifications were blown up, according to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. The island became once more a holiday resort, unique in Germany because it is the only place with genuine cliffs (200 ft. high, of crumbling red sandstone); a fine marine biological laboratory was built, and the now famous

*[Continued opposite.]*



# HELIGOLAND'S CHANGED ASPECT: AN ISLAND REFUGE FOR MIGRANT BIRDS.



IN 1936, WHEN HELIGOLAND WAS STILL A HOLIDAY CENTRE, ALTHOUGH THE NAVAL BASE WAS BEING REBUILT: THE HIGH STREET, FOR COMPARISON WITH PHOTOGRAPH ON RIGHT.



THE SAME VIEWPOINT AS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT: THE HIGH STREET, HELIGOLAND, IN 1950—A WILDERNESS OF BROKEN MASONRY AND BLASTED TREES.



THE FAMOUS MIGRATORY BIRD-MARKING STATION ON HELIGOLAND: A VIEW OF THE BIRD-CATCHING GARDEN AS IT WAS IN 1936, WHEN THE ISLAND WAS ONCE MORE BECOMING A NAVAL BASE.

*Continued.*  
migratory bird-marking station was established. The advent of Hitler once more brought changes to the island. By 1936 the Nazis were rebuilding the naval base and placing heavy guns and howitzers in emplacements on the top of the island. Mr. R. M. Lockley, who took the photographs on this and the facing page, was one of the last British subjects to be given a permit to visit the biological station in that year. When the Second World War broke out in 1939, the population of the island, swollen to 4000 by the addition of a garrison and the Todt labour gangs, was reduced by the evacuation of all civilians. At that time no one professed British citizenship, for the older people conveniently forgot that they had been born under the flag of a British Governor, although after the collapse of Germany a few reappeared in Cuxhaven and Hamburg. The Nazis feverishly continued their work on the naval base, using forced labour to build mile-long breakwaters and to dredge millions of tons of sand to add hundreds of square yards of new ground at the south end of the island. Only towards the end of the war was this work stopped—following one or two severe air raids in 1944. When the final capitulation of Berlin came, there was an interval when Heligoland was left derelict and unwatched; during those months the surviving island fishermen returned to plunder the battered houses, and even attempted to settle again. They were later forced to leave when Allied aircraft used the island for practice bombing, and a British guardship was stationed there, with orders to fire on trespassing craft. The people of Heligoland have asked for Allied permission to return home and to rebuild their little town, now,

*[Continued opposite.]*



IN THE OVERGROWN BIRD-CATCHING GARDEN ON HELIGOLAND TO-DAY: VISITORS TO THE BOMB-BATTERED ISLAND FIND THAT MIGRATORY BIRDS CONTINUE TO USE THE ISLAND AS A TEMPORARY HALTING-PLACE.



UNDETERRED BY BOMBING AND INCREASING IN NUMBERS IN THE ABSENCE OF MAN: GUILLEMOTS CROWDED TOGETHER ON THE NARROW CLIFF-LEDGES OF HELIGOLAND.

*Continued.*  
as can be seen from our illustrations, a mass of craters and rubble. A U.N.E.S.C.O. mission has reported favourably on the advisability of setting up a new biological station upon this uniquely situated island but, of course, everything depends on the political future and the signing of a peace treaty. Meanwhile, periodically the bombs rain down, and the only inhabitants of the great mass of red sandstone are the migratory birds which continue to use the island as a temporary halting-place, in spite of the bombing. The U.N.E.S.C.O. mission discovered that the seabirds (chiefly guillemots nesting on the steep westward cliffs) had actually spread to the top of the island, in the absence of man, and that the island had become more of a bird sanctuary than ever—the craters and ruined buildings provide ideal cover for tired migrants. As to the island's future, although it is so small yet it could never be completely eradicated, and the bombing to which it has been subjected, although reducing it to a wilderness of rubble and upturned earth, has not made it uninhabitable. Doubtless under more settled conditions people will return to Heligoland, and it will gradually resume its place as a holiday resort, a fishing centre, and a refuge for shipping. However, its position gives it a strategic value which cannot be ignored, and presumably there would have to be guarantees that the island would not be re-fortified, or it might even be given a measure of independence. Deprived of its military significance, Heligoland might once again enjoy the place it occupied a century ago in the peaceful economy of its own corner of the North Sea.





# HOW THE ROYAL NAVY TRANSFERS A CASUALTY FROM SHIP TO SHIP WHILE STEAMING AT SPEED DURING A STRONG BLOW: AN INCIDENT DURING THE HOME FLEET'S SPRING CRUISE.

The incident which we illustrate above took place earlier in the year when the Home Fleet was manoeuvring some 100 miles off Finisterre. The painting is based on sketches made at the time by an eye-witness, and illustrates the modern method used by the Navy of transferring men and goods from ship to ship at sea without slackening speed. On this particular occasion, when there was "quite a strong blow and swell from the south-west," a young seaman

in H.M.S. *Corunna* (an improved "Battle"-class destroyer, which carried no doctor) fell sick. After the appropriate signals, *Corunna* and the Fleet aircraft-carrier *Victorious* closed to about 60 yards, still maintaining, however, their course and speed. A cod-line was then shot by means of a cordite cartridge from an ordinary rifle from *Corunna* to *Victorious*, the line being attached to a brass rod, which was slipped down the muzzle of the rifle. This line was

then tailed by a more substantial hemp, which was secured in one ship and in the other manned by sufficient men to keep it taut against the independent movement of each ship during the operation. From this hemp jacksay an ordinary lifebuoy with canvas breeches-buoy attached was hung by a single wooden-sheaved block and the casualty was hauled across by means of two light lines, one paying out, the other hauling; and within half an hour the

casualty was in the sick-bay of H.M.S. *Victorious*. This technique has been widely used and developed as the result of wartime conditions, when the added factor of the danger of lying stopped at sea was added to the tedious and weatherbound performance of lowering, propelling and rehoisting a sea-boat, and made this newer method even more desirable and necessary. The Coston Gun, formerly used for the operation, is now being superseded by the line-throwing rifle.

PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER, AND BASED ON SKETCHES MADE BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



# THE LEGENDARY STRUGGLES OF TYPHŒUS VIEWED FROM THE AIR.



MOUNT ETNA—STILL VULCAN'S FORGE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE CRATER, WITH SMOKE ISSUING FROM IT, TAKEN JUST AFTER A FLOW OF LAVA HAD CEASED.



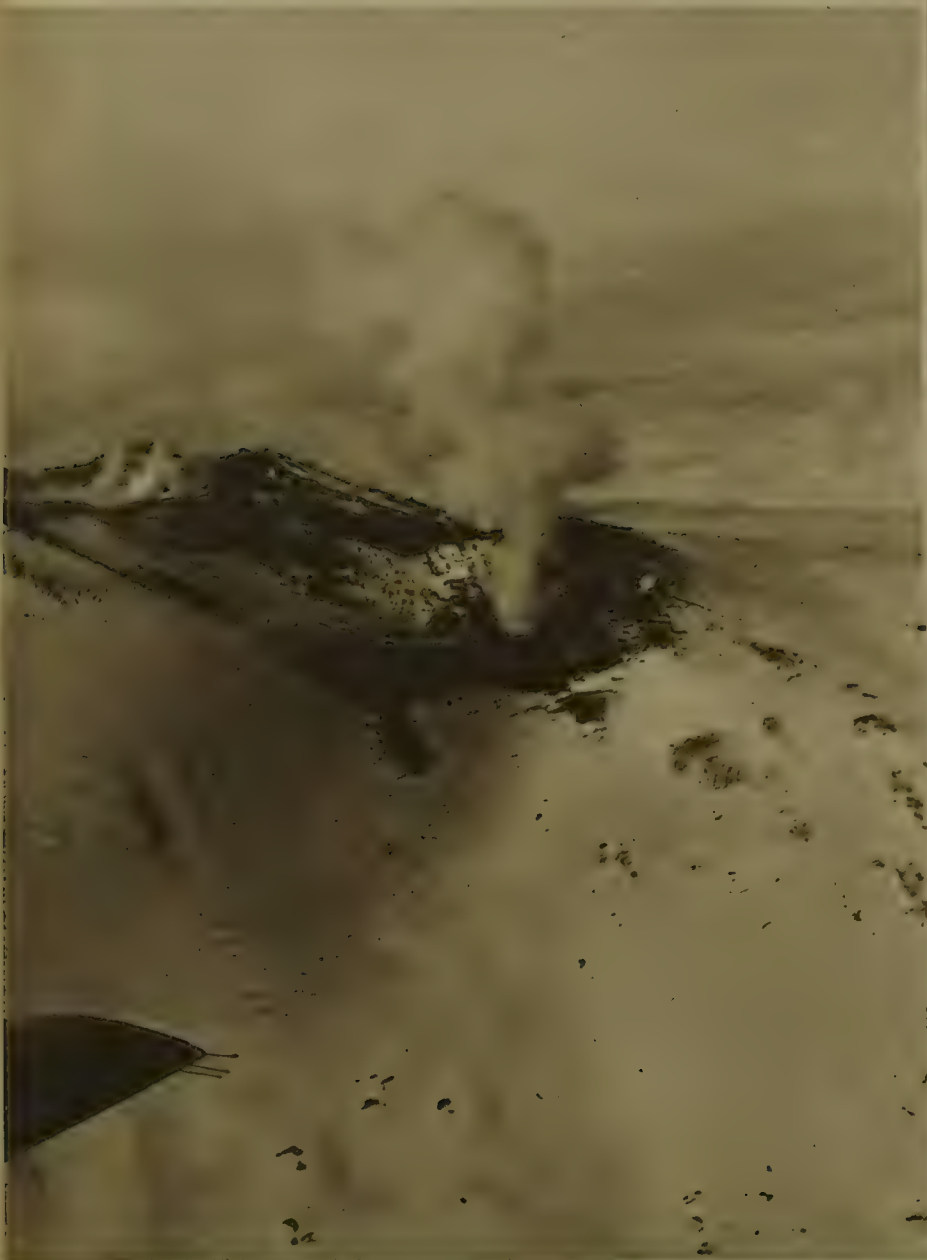
A LANDSCAPE OF IMMENSE DESOLATION: ETNA'S STILL-SMOKING CRATERS, DARK AMID A THICK BLANKET OF SNOW. IT IS THE HIGHEST VOLCANO IN EUROPE.

MOUNT ETNA (10,738 ft.), on the east coast of Sicily, highest volcano in Europe and the loftiest mountain in Southern Italy, has, from the earliest times, been the centre of legends which reflect the fear which it has always inspired. The Greeks believed it to be either the mountain with which Zeus crushed the giant Typhœus, a monster with 100 dragon or serpent heads who made war on the gods, or the workshop of Hephæstus (the Roman Vulcan). Etna, which has a record of eighty known eruptions (including the terrible activity of 1928, when much loss of life, and damage amounting to £2,000,000 were caused by the flow of lava, and the 1947 eruption, when serious destruction was also caused), was active this winter. At dawn on December 2, 1949, earth tremors were felt, ashes rained in distant towns and streams of glowing lava flowed far down the valleys, causing great damage but no casualties. This eruption opened four new craters, at 6,500 ft., and at 9,800 ft. More than 200 minor craters from earlier eruptions cover the slopes. Happily, on the following Monday, December 5, the flow of lava ceased, and

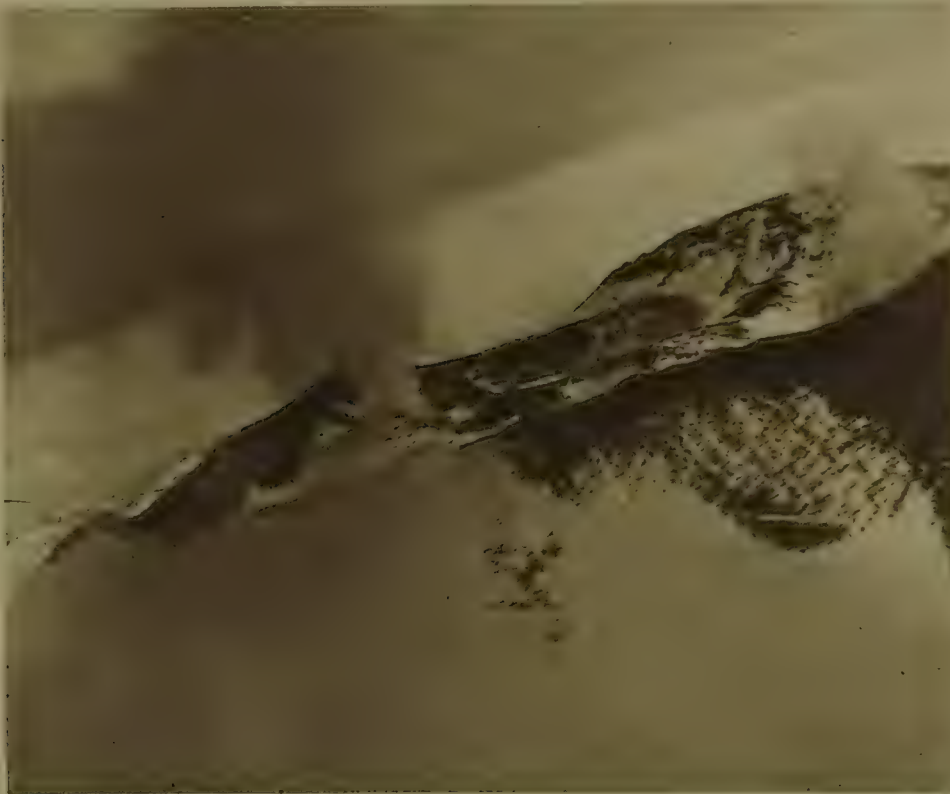
*[Continued on opposite page.]*



THE SUMMIT OF ETNA. THE GREEKS BELIEVED THAT THE GIANT TYPHŒUS WAS CONFINED BENEATH IT OR THAT THE VOLCANO WAS THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS (VULCAN).



WITH A TIP OF THE WING OF THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPHER WAS TRAVELLING VISIBLE ON THE LEFT: MOUNT ETNA SMOKING.



SILHOUETTED AGAINST A SEA OF SOFT, WOOLLY CLOUDS: A VIEW OF MOUNT ETNA (10,738 FT.) WHICH HAS A KNOWN RECORD OF EIGHTY ERUPTIONS.





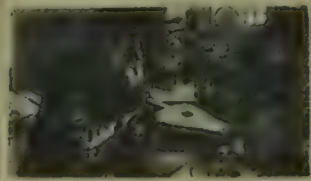
EMITTING PLUMES OF SMOKE TO RECALL ITS RECENT ACTIVITY: AN AIR VIEW OF THE CRATER OF SNOWCLAD MOUNT ETNA.

*Continued.*

the period of anxiety in Sicily ended. On a flight over the snow-covered volcano more than a month later, our correspondent found that thick fumes were still rising into the sky from the summit, which towered high above an ocean of clouds. "Glistening in cold splendour in the sunshine of a January morning," he writes, "it

seemed hard to reconcile this scenery of coolness . . . with the fiery history of the legendary mountain . . ." A Rolleiflex camera with Zeiss Tessar f3.5 lens and Compur shutter was used. Exposure: 1/300, f/11. Time 10 a.m. G.M.T. on January 11, 1950. Sunny. The pictures were taken through the glass of the windows of an aircraft.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### A PET FOR THE GARDEN POND.

By ALFRED LEUTSCHER, B.Sc.

THE frog *Rana esculenta*, known on the Continent as the Water Frog, and over here as the Edible Frog, is a species introduced into this country and now firmly established near London under the popular name of "Bull-frog." Unlike its commoner relative, it is almost exclusively aquatic, and will usually only leave the water after dark, though, if undisturbed, it may sometimes be seen during the day squatting on the edge of the water. More usually it rests on the surface, supported by aquatic plants, when it evidently enjoys the warmth of sunlight.

For this reason alone it is worth keeping in a garden pond. Although it will invariably leap into the water, or dive under, as one approaches, it may in time tolerate movement in its vicinity if kept as a pet. A friend in Holland who has kept these frogs for many years tells of one large individual which was persuaded to stop at the pond's edge on his approach and to accept worms from his fingers. This is indeed a rare achievement with such a shy animal, although easy enough with the Common Frog, which may be placed in one hand and fed from the other.

Relying almost entirely upon eyesight, an Edible Frog will either approach to investigate, or jump away, according to whether a movement spells food or danger. Thus, a passing shadow or a movement on the bank will cause it to submerge, whereas an insect hovering over its head will send it leaping in pursuit.

One cannot agree that these pets are intelligent creatures, as anything which is small enough and moves is snapped up as food. A specimen which I kept under observation in an aquarium would take food from a pair of forceps. Worms, flies, caterpillars and pieces of wool were greedily snapped up, and the latter ejected as inedible.

This frog would only feed if in the water, sometimes taking meals completely under before swallowing. If placed in a dish it would show distress, and would not feed.

The Edible Frog is not easy to catch, unless one visits its home after dark. It is then possible to see it on damp, summer evenings with the aid of a torch, as it sits at the water's edge. With a little ease and deftness it may be caught with the aid of a hand net. The professional catcher in parts of France will use a wide, circular net, suspended by cords from a long pole, which is lowered into the water in the daytime and allowed to settle. Towards evening he returns with a lure, a bunch of feathers dangling from a long stick. As the frogs become used to his presence he jerks the feathers over their heads, and soon the colony is in full chase. As the lure is slowly moved over the submerged net the latter is suddenly hauled clear of the water by a companion. By this method I have seen hauls of ten or twenty landed upon the bank. In Holland children amuse themselves by "fishing" for edible frogs with rod and line. A small hook, baited with a piece of bright cloth or coloured wool, is dangled over the water. By making prodigious leaps the frogs will attempt to catch the bait. The small hook, which pierces the skin at the tip of the snout, does not appear to distress the captive.

It is possible that some objection might be raised by neighbours should these pets be kept out of doors. During late spring and early summer the nights ring with the love-songs of the amorous males, and a colony

may be heard half a mile away. By inflating the loose skin of the vocal sacs at the sides of the head the male sings with a voice which is surprisingly loud for such

a small animal. By covering the pool at night the croaking may be stilled. This would also protect the inmates from marauding cats or visiting herons. Females, which for the most part are silent, might only be kept, especially if fish occur in the same pond.

The males have been known to kill the latter. In the breeding season a male frog attaches itself to the back of the female with a powerful grip of the fore-limbs. This embrace is difficult to separate. The instinct to seize something is particularly strong in the male Common Frog, and it may grip a stick, a finger or a slow-moving fish in lieu of a mate. A fish, if not rescued in time, might die from injury or suffocation.

The Edible Frog breeds much later in the year than the Common Frog, and in the garden pond one can expect to see the masses of spawn not earlier than May or June, according to the season. The flat masses, which sink to the bottom on swelling, have a dirty appearance. This is due to the colour of the eggs within, which have a brownish pigment. The lively tadpoles, which later emerge, can either be left in the pond as food for the fish, or removed to an aquarium, where their development and habits can be more closely observed. They begin by selecting an exclusive vegetable diet, and will browse continuously on pond-scums and algæ, which float in the water or grow on other plants. Boiled spinach is said to be an excellent substitute. Later, the growing youngsters turn into

scavengers, eating a mixture, including their own dead. Chopped worms or a piece of raw meat suspended in the water may be given in captivity. In this country the Edible Frog tadpole usually delays metamorphosis until the following spring. A remarkable case of delayed metamorphosis was recently discovered in a pond in Surrey. The tadpole was 4½ ins. in length.

With the miraculous change from water-living tadpole to air-breathing frog, the owner sees before him, as if in a speeded-up film, an analogy which illustrates the great evolutionary step which is said to have taken place millions of years ago. Somewhere in the distant past the Amphibia, to which frogs belong, branched from the Fishes, and "conquered" the land.

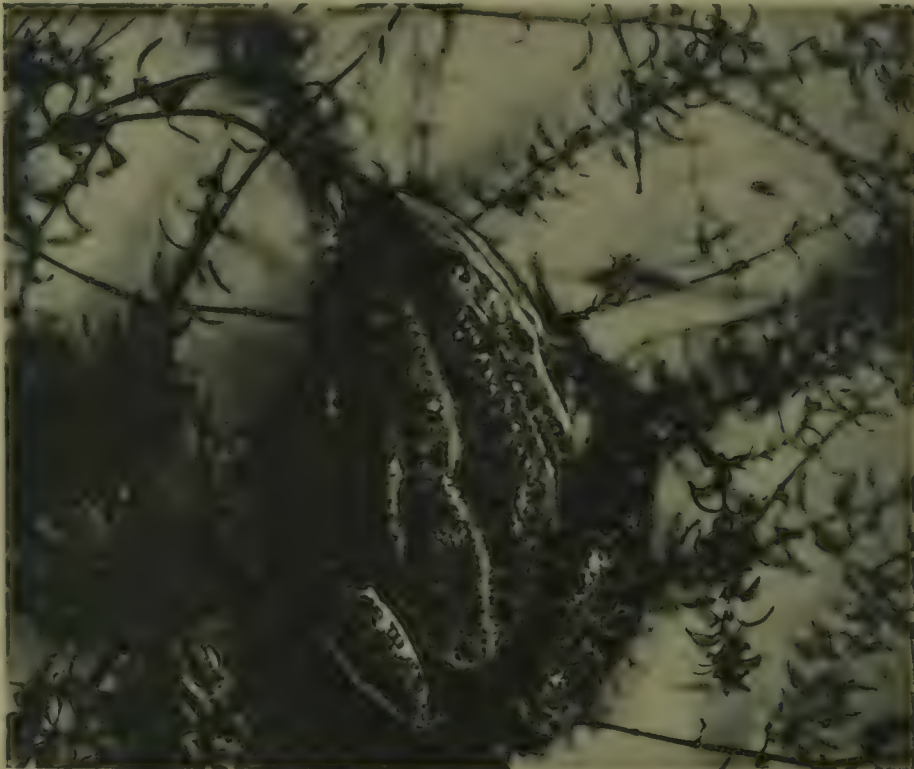
An Edible Frog may be distinguished from its commoner relative by its bright, shiny colour of green or brown, which is tinged with olive, and by the pale stripe which passes down the back. It can grow to a much larger size, has a more pointed snout, with dorsally-placed eyes. When at the surface, the bulging eyes and snout are the only parts usually visible, making it difficult to detect. In the garden pond it may hide among the water-lilies, but when sitting on the edge is highly ornamental. The sun will bring out its attractive colouring. Occasionally it

may be seen snapping at a passing insect, and in this respect becomes a useful ally. It is thought that this frog was formally introduced into the Lincolnshire fen district early in the last century to help keep down the malaria-carrying mosquitoes which occur in marshy areas of this country.

The Edible Frog on the Continent has a culinary use, as its name suggests. The plump hind-legs, which make powerful swimming organs, are prepared, together with those of the Common Frog, as a table delicacy. The meat, suitably flavoured, is served as an appetiser, and when fried tastes not unlike chicken.



SHOWING THE DORSALLY-PLACED EYES AND THE LENGTH OF THE PLUMP HIND-LEG WHICH IS PREPARED AS A TABLE DELICACY: THE EDIBLE FROG, *Rana esculenta*, WHICH MAKES A HANDSOME ADDITION TO THE GARDEN POND.



HIGHLY ORNAMENTAL WITH ITS BRIGHT, SHINY COLOURING OF GREEN OR BROWN, TINGED WITH OLIVE, AND PALE DORSAL STRIPE: AN EDIBLE FROG RESTING ON AQUATIC PLANTS AND WAITING FOR THE HOVERING INSECT WHICH WILL SEND IT LEAPING IN PURSUIT.

Photographs by Peter Green.

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Home ... ..	5 16 0	2 19 6	2 16 6
Canada ... ..	5 0 0	2 12 0	2 8 9
Elsewhere Abroad ... ..	5 5 0	2 14 3	2 11 0



# THE PLAYFUL DOLPHIN: A SHIP'S LEAPING ESCORT IN AFRICAN WATERS.



IN FULL CAREER THROUGH THE AIR: DOLPHINS PLAYING ROUND THE BOWS OF A SHIP OFF THE COAST OF WEST AFRICA.



AN EXHILARATING SIGHT SELDOM SEEN EXCEPT FROM A SHIP AT SEA: A SCHOOL OF DOLPHINS ENTERING THE WATER AFTER A LONG LEAP.



OPENING ITS BLOW-HOLE AS THE TOP OF THE HEAD BREAKS SURFACE: A DOLPHIN WITH A STREAM OF BUBBLES RUNNING BACK FROM THE BLOW-HOLE, REPRESENTING THE EXHALED AIR WHICH IS RELEASED JUST PRIOR TO THE FULL OPENING OF THE BLOW-HOLE.



RE-ENTERING THE WATER TOGETHER AFTER A SHORT LEAP: TWO PLAYFUL DOLPHINS ACCOMPANYING A SHIP AND EXHIBITING THEIR EASE OF MOVEMENT.



PROBABLY ONE OF THE SWIFTEST OF ALL THE CETACEA: A DOLPHIN LEAPING CLEAR OF THE WATER: SHOWING THE BLOW-HOLE STILL OPEN.

This series of photographs of the Common Dolphin (*Delphinus delphis*) was taken during a cruise off West Africa by Mr. Martin Routh and Mr. David Snow, and is of interest in that the open blow-hole can be seen in some of the illustrations. Our usual sight of a dolphin is when we see it, in company with others of the school, emerging for a fleeting moment from the sea, a black, curving form surmounted by a triangular dorsal fin. We see them thus passing across the bay or moving out at sea for a few brief minutes and then they are gone. In fact, at all times, dolphins are a comparatively rare sight. Yet they are numerous; and being air-breathing mammals must frequently come up to breathe. The wonder is, therefore, that they are

so seldom seen. The answer lies in their normal method of breathing. When they emerge from the sea, either merely to expose the back or to leap clear of the surface, they are varying their mood, departing from the normal habit. For most of their time they swim below the surface, rising at intervals so that the top of the head barely breaks the surface. As they do this the single blow-hole on the top of the head opens, just clear of the water, and air is taken in. The action is momentary and can be seen only when a vertical view is possible, as when a group of dolphins swim into the bow-wave of a ship or just ahead of the bows. Air is exhaled before the blow-hole fully opens and can be seen as a stream of bubbles.



## A NATIONAL HERO'S FUNERAL ARMOUR: RELICS OF THE BLACK PRINCE.



THE SCABBARD OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S SWORD, OF LEATHER WITH METAL ORNAMENTS; PART OF A STRAP AND BUCKLE; AND AN ANCIENT PIECE OF CHAIN.



OF WOOD, COVERED WITH CANVAS, THE HERALDIC DEVICES IN MOULDED LEATHER: THE BLACK PRINCE'S SHIELD, BEARING THE LIONS OF ENGLAND AND THE LILIES OF FRANCE.

LONDONERS now have the unique chance of seeing at close hand famous relics of the Black Prince, Edward Prince of Wales (1330-1376), eldest son of Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault, one of the greatest military heroes in English history. His funeral armour, consisting of his crested helm, shield of arms, coat of arms, gauntlets and sword-scabbard, which have hung over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral for nearly 600 years, was sent last winter to the Armouries of H.M. Tower of London for examination, cleaning and repair, and the result has been so successful that the Dean and

[Continued above, right.]

[Continued.]

Chapter have allowed these precious relics to be exhibited for four weeks from Easter Monday at the Tower of London, before returning to their ancient home in Canterbury Cathedral. Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, the Tower of London, has kindly supplied us with the following note on the armour: "Careful cleaning has recovered the gilding on the crest of a lion, which is made of leather, faced with gesso, and also much of the gilding on the pair of gauntlets of latten (a mediæval kind of brass). Even the paint on the crown of the cap of maintenance, red with little roses and dappers of red and white, has been recovered in patches. The shield and jupon must once have been very splendid indeed, but they are now faded to a buff colour. None the less, gleams of gold can be found among the tarnished threads of the embroidery, and traces of the red-and-blue quartering of the field. These objects of the fourteenth century are of unique

[Continued opposite.]



SURMOUNTED BY THE CREST OF A LION, AND THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE: THE STEEL HELM OF THE BLACK PRINCE, AN OBJECT OF EXTREME RARITY.



OF LATTEN, A MEDIEVAL KIND OF BRASS: THE GAUNTLETS OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S FUNERAL ARMOUR, WHICH IS NOW ON VIEW IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

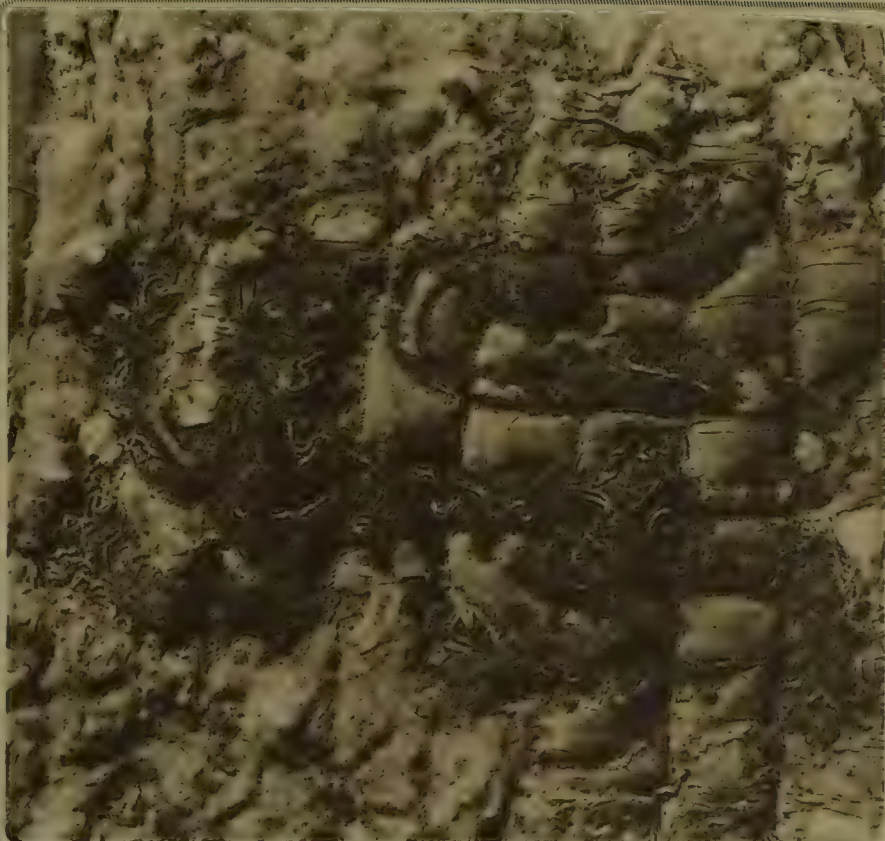


## REPAIRED AND NOW TO BE SEEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS: THE BLACK PRINCE'S JUPON.

*Continued.*

importance, not only for the high renown of Edward the Black Prince, the victor of Crécy and Poitiers, but also for their extreme rarity as survivors of their time. Only one other English helm of this period is known, that of Sir Richard Pembridge, K.G., now in the Royal Scottish Museum at Edinburgh, and no other shield or jupon. These relics are survivors of the old custom of carrying the insignia of men of rank before the bier at their funerals and hanging them up afterwards in perpetuity over the tomb, as symbols of their earthly estate, which they have abandoned for a higher life. This is the second occasion in sixty years that they have been sent to London for examination. In 1894 the jupon was netted to hold it together. It was found that this netting had completely rotted, and it has been re-netted by the Royal School of Needlework with netting specially supplied by Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd." The jupon or surcoat, which bore heraldic arms, not only identified the wearer, but was also in a sense a defence, for the insignia indicated the ransom

*[Continued below, right.]*



WITH ONE OF THE LIONS OF ENGLAND STILL VISIBLE: A CLOSE-UP OF THE  
DETAIL OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S JUPON, WHICH HAS BEEN REPAIRED BY THE  
ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK.

*Continued.*

which the knight could afford to pay for his life. The Black Prince, who is presumed to have been so called because he wore black armour, first accompanied his father on a foreign expedition in 1345, when he was but fifteen. He was a commander of great skill, and his resounding victory at Poitiers in 1356 was due both to the excellence of his tactical disposition of his forces and to the superior fighting capacity of his army. He was a great figure in Chivalry, one of the first Knights of the Garter; and when he captured King John of France he treated his prisoner with notable magnanimity. The Black Prince died at Westminster in July, 1376, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, as he desired. He had wished his tomb to be in the Chapel of Our Lady of Undercroft, but he was interred in the Trinity Chapel in the East end of the Cathedral. His instructions for his splendid tomb were given in his will, and these were faithfully carried out. He directed that: "The tomb shall be made a marble of good masonry . . . and above the tomb shall be made a table of latten, upon which we will that an image of latten shall be placed in memory of us, all armed in steel for battle with our arms quartered; and my visage with our helmet of the leopard put under the head of the image."



SHOWING THE WAY IN WHICH IT IS NETTED TO HOLD IT TOGETHER: THE BLACK PRINCE'S  
JUPON, OR SURCOAT, ONCE SPLENDID WITH GLOWING COLOUR, NOW FADED TO A BUFF SHADE,  
BEING REPAIRED BY AN EXPERT.



SUCCESSFULLY RE-NETTED WITH NETTING SPECIALLY SUPPLIED FOR THE PURPOSE BY IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.: THE BLACK PRINCE'S JUPON, OR SURCOAT, FRONT  
AND BACK VIEWS. IT IS NOW ON EXHIBITION, WITH THE REST OF THE FUNERAL ARMOUR, FROM THE TOMB IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.





## The World of the Cinema.



### PERFECT SCREAMS.

By ALAN DENT.

"MONEY a mickle makes a muckle," as they say in the North in their uncouth-pleasing way when they desire to express the plain proverbial fact that an impressive whole may be made out of considerable fragments if only they be numerous enough. I suppose it may be conceded that "On the Town" amounts to a "muckle" of a film, since so many attractive little "mickles" have gone to its making. The mere names of Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly are said to make schoolgirls—and even girls old enough to know better—swoon *en masse* whenever either is said to be coming along in a new film. When, as now, the new film contains both these wonders, triumph may be assumed as a foregone conclusion. Hostesses who have reached years of dignity and have at last wisely decided to "dress their age," have more than once assured me that, about the time when I was a babe in arms, a good-looking actor with a thrilling voice, called Lewis Waller, used to agitate the female youth of the land—meaning themselves—in much the same way. And I am still quite credibly and seriously informed that the more impassioned members of this sect of worshippers would proudly display about their persons a badge with the strange device K.O.W.—which being interpreted stood for "Keen on Waller." So it may just possibly be the case that we are no sillier now than we used to be. The only difference nowadays is that we are silly in far greater numbers, since the sort of frenzy which forty or fifty years ago was more or less confined to the young ladies of Kensington Gore seems now to be the frenzy of young ladies the wide world over.

It may be that criticism has no place at a film as irresponsible as "On the Town"—a whirlwind account of how three U.S.A. sailors (Messrs. Sinatra, Kelly and Jules Munshin—a name to be written out quickly and left strictly alone, unpunished) spent twenty-four hours ashore in New York. What happened to them? They met three young ladies called Ivy, Claire and Brunhilde (Hildy for short), went to various art-galleries in this discerning and intellectual company, accidentally upset a dinosaur ("What the heck, it might have been Dinah Shore!"—yells of hilarity), sang and danced, were chased by the police, convinced the latter that their offence was nought, and finally got back to their ship in the nick of time—i.e., in time to avoid being in that reprehensible condition known, I doubt not, to English-speaking navies throughout the navigable globe, as "adrift."

Carping comment may, as I say, be supererogatory. Perhaps one should not institute comparisons with what really happens when, to use the title of a very similar film of a few years ago, "The Fleet's In." But it is impossible to resist divulging that less than four days ago, as I write, I happened to be in the Turkish port of Izmir, and that my hotel was suddenly invaded by several hundreds of U.S.A. navy-men. Did these sing, dance, visit galleries, damage specimens, get into trouble, or break any hearts? Not

so far as I could see, though, as always, I was "all eyes." Many played ping-pong with the grim energy of schoolboys. Many sat discussing half-pints of mild beer. Some few danced, where they could find any American music to dance to. And the overwhelming majority went to see films with Turkish titles but whose posters revealed that they enshrined Miss Dorothy

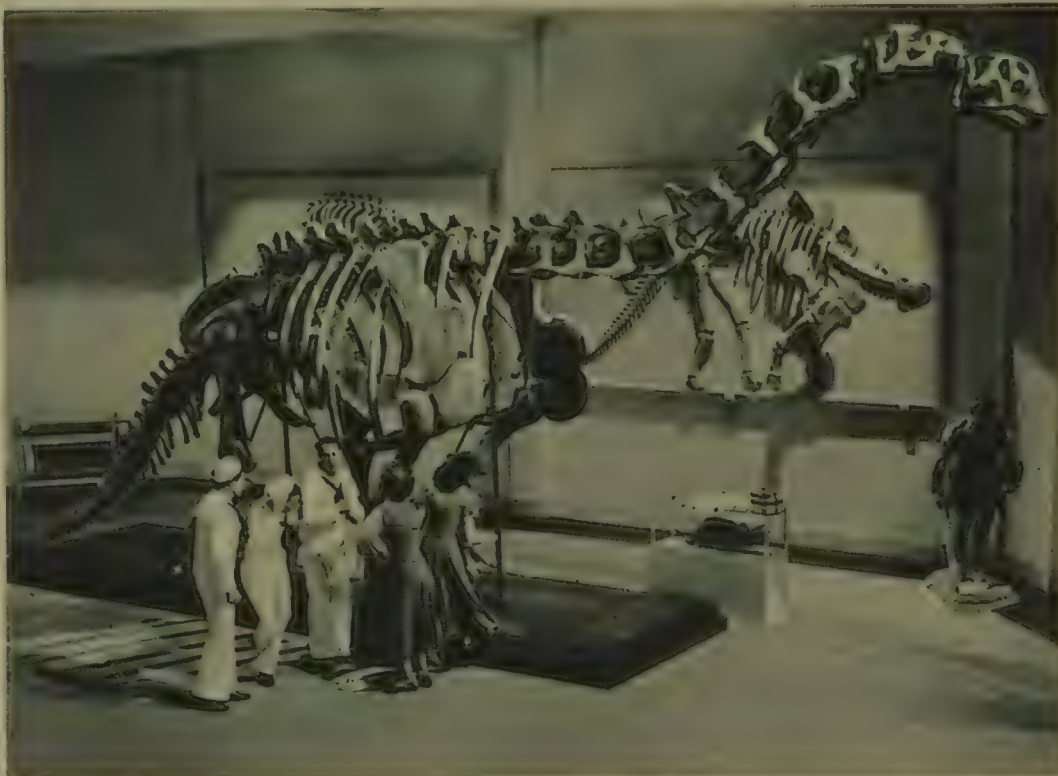
love and that all love is miserable—and the few remaining customers were Turkish to a man.

It is perhaps more legitimate—and it is certainly less personal—to point out the fact that Mr. Sinatra—whose forte is, of course, "crooning"—croons hardly at all, and never by himself, and that Mr. Kelly, who has often proved an astonishing dancer, gets barely more than one opportunity to have a floor to himself. The young ladies seize more chances, and whether Miss Betty Garrett has more grace than Miss Ann Miller, or whether the latter has as much ravishment and verve as Miss Vera-Ellen, is really a matter for the individual gazer to decide. This particular gazer took most to the last. But between the three of them (with their breezy swains thrown in) they offer a kind of whirling compensation for a conspicuous lack of invention in the plot, of wit in its telling, or of sparkle in the music.

Perhaps the loudest scream this film evoked was when all six of the young people rushed to sit on a table which at once collapsed under their weight. In a new film called "Always Leave Them Laughing," the major scream occurs when Mr. Milton Berle accidentally knocks over a piece of scenery during the performance of a musical comedy, and is seen by the entire audience without his trousers. Mr. Berle is a new comedian and, I suspect, a good one. But he is faced with the almost insurmountable task—in this, his first film—of making a bad professional comedian funny because of his very badness. Paradoxically enough, a less accomplished comedian than Mr. Berle would probably have been more effective in such a part. Incidentally, the film has serious moments as well, when it tries to evoke the pathos of an old-fashioned novel I used to read in my infancy—with moist eyes and jammy thumbs—entitled "A Peep Behind the Scenes." But the comedy is ended long after it has petered out.

Not for the first time in my life—indeed, not for the first time this year—I have had to turn from America to France to find my faith in the film's capacity for comedy of wit and style restored to me. It was restored instantaneously with "Le Roi," a re-making with M. Maurice Chevalier of a neat old comedy of a Ruritanian king visiting Paris, eluding affairs of State, and by no means eluding affairs of the heart with two elegant young widows at a time. There is an airiness and an insouciance about this, and about the veteran but highly accomplished M. Chevalier's playing of the king, which are not only irresistible

but—better still—set up no thought of resistance. And do I have to make it plain yet again that a comedy is not necessarily amusing because it is French, or unamusing because it is American? I think not. On the immediate horizon, I am glad to see, is Mr. Danny Kaye in "The Government Inspector," and that, speaking prejudicially, is a pleasing prospect where almost every other prospect tends to displease, and where delights (other than Turkish) are of a sudden become very rare.



GUIDED BY AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDENT AND A LADY TAXICAB DRIVER, THE THREE SAILORS VISIT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY WHERE, INADVERTENTLY, THEY UPSET THE SKELETON OF A DINOSAUR WHICH IS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED: A SCENE IN THE MUSEUM IN "ON THE TOWN," SHOWING (L. TO R.) GABEY (GENE KELLY); CHIP (FRANK SINATRA); OZZIE (JULES MUNSHIN); BRUNHILDE ESTERHAZY (BETTY GARRETT) AND CLAIRE HUDDSEEN (ANN MILLER).



"A WHIRLWIND ACCOUNT OF HOW THREE U.S.A. SAILORS SPENT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ASHORE IN NEW YORK": "ON THE TOWN"—A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION—SHOWING GABEY (GENE KELLY—CENTRE) AND TWO OTHER SAILORS IN A DANCE SCENE FROM A DREAM SEQUENCE IN THE FILM.

Lamour and Miss Loretta Young. At a later and less respectable hour I observed on the quay-front facing the sterns of merchant-ships from Gdynia, Helsinki, Istanbul and Liverpool, a bright, late-opening café which had a big sign almost in English, running "HULLQ SAILOR ALL WELL COME HERE." But, for dire lack of support, its American band had disbanded itself, Turkish music had set in again—with its strong *portamento* and which seems to Western ears to suggest, even more than "crooning" can do, that all life is





WHERE GOLD CAN BE FOUND BY DIGGING UP THE MAIN STREET: THE SCENE AT WEDDERBURN, 150 MILES NORTH OF MELBOURNE, WITH EXCITED TOWNSFOLK GATHERED BESIDE THE HOLE IN THE MAIN STREET FROM WHICH A NUGGET VALUED AT £A.800 WAS EXCAVATED—SEE BELOW. MAINSTREET SHAFTS HAVE TO BE FILLED IN EACH EVENING.

## GOLD FROM THE BACK-YARD AND THE VILLAGE STREET: THE STRANGE STORY OF A "MINOR GOLD RUSH" IN THE SMALL TOWNSHIP OF WEDDERBURN, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

"GOLD," so the saying goes, "is where you find it"—but rarely in the back-yard or the village high street. Except, as it happens, in the small township of Wedderburn, about 150 miles north of Melbourne, in Victoria, Australia. Wedderburn has been, since about the middle of the last month, the scene of a minor gold rush. As it now appears, a farmer named Dave Wedderburn has during the last eighteen months been quietly digging up gold nuggets, from his own back-yard, to the amount, it is claimed, of £A.10,000. Like a sensible man, however, he had said nothing about it to his neighbours, and they had learnt nothing of the matter on their own account. In parenthesis—this would seem to imply that Wedderburn is different from an English village. All good things come to an end sometime, and digging began to break out in various parts of the village. The real impetus came, however, when the grocer, Mr. Albert Smith, found a 75-oz. nugget of gold in a hole which he had dug in the main street, near his own house. A little later, two

*[Continued opposite.]*



GOLD FROM THE VILLAGE MAIN STREET: TWO LUCKY AUSTRALIANS, BILL MATTHEWS AND REX CHAPMAN, HOLDING UP THE GOLD NUGGET (VALUED AT £A800) WHICH THEY HAD JUST FOUND IN AN 8-FT. SHAFT IN A THOROUGHFARE OF WEDDERBURN.

*[Continued.]*

young men, Mr. Bill Matthews and Mr. Rex Chapman, whom we show in the lower picture on this page, dug an 8-ft. shaft in the main street, and there discovered a nugget valued at £A.800. Since then, the news having spread wider, prospectors from miles around have thronged the village, and high hopes are entertained of a "gold rush." Australian Royal Mint officials have declared that the gold is of the best quality, and older residents of the town are convinced that beneath the main street runs an untouched gold reef worth a fortune. The Victorian Government made an inspection of the township and have stated that the gold recently found there presumably came from a reef worked in 1893; and it seemed probable that the amount remaining would be limited in quantity. All land available for pegging in claims, it was stated, had already been taken up. Wedderburn is some forty miles north-west of Bendigo, which was the scene in the 1850's of one of the great gold rushes. Here the gold was first found in the alluvial form, and in 1853 amounted to some £3,000,000 in value. Later the quartz reefs which intersect the countryside in many places were attacked, and mining is now conducted at very deep levels. One mine, 4614 ft. deep, is claimed as the deepest gold-mine in the world. The characteristic formation is the saddle reef, which is formed by the corrugation of Ordovician slates and sandstones. Dome-shaped cavities, which can be as long as twenty miles, occur, and these contain auriferous quartz. Whether there lies such a one under the main street of Wedderburn remains to be seen. In 1947, the gold production of Victoria was 84,709 fine ounces, with a value of £911,683.





THERE is, I suggest, only one perfect way to look at pictures, and that is to know what you want to look at, resist the temptation to gaze at more than twenty in a single afternoon and sit down as long as you possibly can in front of each of them. How many of us follow this admirable advice? Not a single soul, least of all he who gives it, for pictures are legion, leisure is a scarce commodity, and time marches on—



FIG. 1. "A TIGER"; BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806) OR JAMES WARD (1769-1859). This painting, writes Frank Davis, "is not just a painting of a tiger, but of a tiger's savagery." It is attributed to George Stubbs, but may possibly be by James Ward. From the collection at Temple Newsam; by Courtesy of Leeds Corporation.

there are trains to catch and engagements to be kept. Who has not wandered on through room after room of some great collection until his senses reel, and the capacity for enjoyment has faded? One day, about a year ago, I had reached this undesirable condition at Temple Newsam, the splendid country house which belongs to the Leeds Corporation, and was about to creep away with what remained of my faculties, when a tawny glow on a wall made me hesitate. Something vital about it banished fatigue in a miraculous manner and I found myself once more as fresh as when I started. It was an odd experience, and as we all like to think ourselves exceptionally sensitive to first-class work, I am inclined to place a picture which had so galvanising an effect on me in a very high category indeed. There is, of course, another possible, more prosaic and far more likely explanation. I had been looking at a great many competent and some few excellent portraits and landscapes and had become a trifle bored with them. Here was something entirely different in colour, in key, in subject, in conception—and the contrast was so marked that I was forced to reorientate my ideas.

Anyway, there was the picture (Fig. 1) and that was the effect it had on me. The more I looked at it, the more I was impressed. This, I said to myself, is not just a painting of a tiger, but of a tiger's savagery. The man who did it knew all about tigers—their bone-structure, their muscles, their skin, their very nature. Stubbs, said I, good old George Stubbs, and none other [1724-1806], that unfashionable and indefatigable student of human and animal anatomy, who lectured on the former subject at York Hospital, and spent a whole year and a half in a remote Lincolnshire farmhouse dissecting the carcasses of dead horses. I remembered, too, that he had published a series of the most exquisite plates, and I looked up dates—"The Anatomy of the Horse," in 1766; in his old age he began "A Comparative Anatomical Exposition of the Structure of the Human

Body with that of a Tiger and a Common Fowl," which was not published until 1817, eleven years after his death. I found that the attribution to Stubbs is shared by the Leeds Gallery. I also found that others, whose opinion I treat with the utmost respect, say not Stubbs but the more romantic James Ward. Take your choice—it is a most enthralling animal study, whoever was the painter.

As one of those who find it difficult to pigeon-hole paintings by their subject, but cling to an old-fashioned notion that a picture of a dog should be liable to the same criticism as a picture of his master—in other words, that good painting is good painting and bad painting is bad painting—my thoughts, as I came home from that expedition, began to wander, not merely to men who became known as animal painters, but to a dozen others—great men by any standard—who at one time or another had painted or drawn memorable dogs or horses or lions or tigers, either as separate studies or as parts of more elaborate compositions. It is an entertaining parlour game in which each participant will have no difficulty

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GREAT CATS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

My next favourite is the big brown creature which looks on so sadly in Piero Di Cosimo's "Death of Procris" in the National Gallery. Domestic cats are rare. Two are firmly fixed in my mind's eye. One is by Sir Joshua, and is registering alarm at the antics of a monkey in a portrait of two children. I think I saw the picture in an exhibition of paintings from the West Country in the '30's, and I believe it belonged to Lord Methuen. The other is a prince of felines, a cat of cats, a Cockney demoniac with a wicked grin. And where is this phenomenon to be found? He has just clambered up the back of the chair on the right-hand side of Hogarth's portrait of the Graham children, and he makes those same charming children look almost insipid (National Gallery).

Next on my list will be, perhaps surprisingly, a lion's head by Henri Rousseau, known as *Le Douanier*, because he once had a job as a Customs official at a little port on the Gironde (the smallest place to be dignified with the name of port I have ever seen—I went there once—a jetty and a house or two slumbering in the afternoon sun. I have forgotten its name as completely as the local inhabitants had forgotten the name of Rousseau). This is a sketch for his larger picture, "*Bohémienne endormie*," and was to be seen recently in the exhibition of French Paintings at the Marlborough Gallery (Fig. 2). I doubt whether anatomists would approve, but there can be no mistaking the quality of this vigorous study.

Finding myself in France in this way, I must not forget that superlative romantic, Théodore Géricault,



FIG. 2. A SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING, "*BOHÉMIENNE ENDORMIE*"; "HEAD OF A LION"; BY HENRI (DOUANIER) ROUSSEAU (1844-1910).

Henri Rousseau was known as *Le Douanier*, because he once had a post as a Customs official at a little port in the Gironde. This vigorous study was on view at the recent Exhibition of Paintings at the Marlborough Gallery.



FIG. 3. "A SLEEPING LION"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1607-1669).

"It is said—presumably on documentary authority—that a menagerie visited Amsterdam in 1640 and that this provided Rembrandt with his bored and somnolent model."

By Courtesy of the Musée du Louvre.

canine folly also, as witness the little white lap-dog looking over the arm of the crimson chair on which rests the right hand of the child Prince Philip Prosper (Vienna), which was on view at the Tate Gallery a year ago.

whose death in 1824 at the age of thirty-three deprived the world of a master. London saw his best-known work, now in the Louvre, "*Le Radeau de la Méduse*," in 1820; he crossed the Channel himself, and it was in London streets that he drew some of his finest studies of draught-horses, but I am thinking at the moment of a sheet of drawings in the Louvre—five heads of cats—which for character and vigour can be compared with Hogarth's famous cat mentioned above. Finally—though once started on this sort of enquiry it is difficult to stop—there is the drawing by Rembrandt of the lion, reproduced in Fig. 3. Another very similar one is in the same great collection. It is said—presumably on documentary authority—that a menagerie visited Amsterdam in 1640 and that this provided Rembrandt with his bored and somnolent model. The drawing is in pen on paper and, as usual, the more one looks at it the more one is astonished that an effect so monumental can be achieved by means so meagre. Where lesser men elaborate, he simplifies; where others are accurate, he is truthful; where some are sentimental, he is compassionate. Was there ever anyone with better understanding of man or beast?



# FORESHADOWING THE IMPRESSIONISTS: "THE SCHOOL OF 1830 IN FRANCE."



(ABOVE.)  
"A GLADE IN THE  
FOREST OF FONTAINE-  
BLEAU"; BY NARCISSE  
VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA  
PENA (1808-1876).  
(Musée des Beaux-Arts,  
Rheims.)

Continued.]  
foreshadowed the  
Impressionists and  
Cézanne. Their  
concept of nature  
was tinged with  
romantic subject-  
ivity, though with  
some essential dif-  
ferences. The  
Romantic artists  
were above all  
eager to catch  
those moods in  
nature which re-  
flected their own  
and which would  
reveal their sensi-  
bilities. Naturally,  
[Continued below, right.]

(RIGHT.) "THE FAGGOT  
GATHERERS"; BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET  
(1814-1875). FAMOUS  
FOR HIS PAINTINGS OF  
COUNTRY LIFE. HE  
SETTLED IN BARBIZON  
IN 1848.  
(Lady Craigmyle.)



"LA RUE DE NORVINS,  
MONTMARTRE"; BY STAN-  
ISLAS LÉPINE (1835-1892).  
PUPIL OF COROT. (Glasgow  
Corporation Art Gallery.)



"THE POND UNDER THE SHADOW OF A GREAT OAK"; BY VICTOR DUPRÉ  
(1816-1879), THE ARTIST, WHO USUALLY TOOK HIS SUBJECTS FROM THE ISLE  
ADAM, WAS THE BROTHER OF JULES DUPRÉ.  
(Count Doris, Paris.)



"THE WOODCUTTER"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE  
COROT (1796-1875), WHO INFLUENCED THE  
IMPRESSIONISTS. (Wildenstein and Co.)



"BARBIZON"; BY ADOLFE HERVIER (1818-1879). THOUGH PRAISED BY THE BROTHERS  
CONCOURT, HE MET WITH LITTLE SUCCESS IN HIS LIFETIME. (Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.)



"THE ABBEY OF GRADIGNAN, NEAR BORDEAUX"; BY JACQUES RAYMOND BRASCASSAT (1804-1867).  
HIS FOLLOWERS INCLUDED TROYON AND ROSA BONHEUR. (Musée des Beaux-Arts, Rheims.)



"THE POULTRY YARD"; BY CHARLES EMILE JACQUE (1813-1894). HE VISITED  
LONDON IN 1838 AND ILLUSTRATED AN EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.  
(Musée Fabregat, Besiers.)

Continued.]  
their search for expression uncovered many aspects of nature which had barely  
found record in earlier French painting." And he adds that they derived some  
inspiration from Constable, Bonington, and the English water-colourists, and were  
also influenced by the genius of the Dutch. The current exhibition is one which  
no lover of landscape painting should miss. The paintings on view include examples  
of the art of celebrated painters of the Barbizon school, such as Daubigny, Diaz  
de la Pena, Daumier, and Corot, but there are also on view works by men less known  
to the British public, such as Charles Emile Jacque, who until he came under the  
influence of Millet in 1848 worked as an illustrator in London and Paris, and  
Brascassat, who inspired Rosa Bonheur.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is sad to lose hope of a writer who once impressed one. F. L. Green impressed me deeply just once; and though his course was even then erratic, and has never ceased to be disappointing, hope struggled to survive. But now, with "Clouds in the Wind" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), I feel that it is all over. Mr. Green has knuckled under to the *Zeitgeist*, the lure of public events; he is determined on expressing the age we live in. But, of course, in an original way. That seems to me a rash design for most novelists; to Mr. Green it has been fatal. What he can really do became apparent in "A Flask for the Journey." There, with little relevance but much effect, he told a short love-story—an insertion, hardly more than an anecdote. It was analytical and timeless, and it went deep. It showed the true nature of his gift, which is narrow, timeless and claustrophobic, worlds removed from social exposition or fantasy.

Oddly enough, he starts this new book with an essay on the same lines, an anecdote which should have been complete in itself. Frank Chester, the narrator, is a young business man, prosperous and easy-going, and very happy in his marriage—till his wife makes a bosom friend. She is a tennis star, resplendent in health and beauty, and he loathes her at sight. But there is no escaping her, not even on holiday. Harriet and he were going to France, and Dora has to come too. And there her stranglehold increases. She loves them both; but overwhelms them with love triumphant, squeezes them apart and fills them with mutual jealousy. They are delivered by an accident which Frank can't explain; and Harriet leaves him till he can. She does not leave an address.

This part, though not quite equal to the earlier story, has the same abstraction and intensity, the same kind of power. But we have not yet reached the main theme. War comes, and Frank joins up. But he is still in search of his wife, and still impelled to rush after every clue. This obsession turns him into a deserter at the worst moment. He didn't mean it, but has not the nerve to go back. And so he goes underground—and shortly finds himself in Campport, in strange, bad company: one of a houseful of deserters busied he knows not how, under the ægis of a man called Charlie, whom he can't fathom.

From this adventure he emerges with a cracked skull. And then the war is over and the Campport gang swept away. After the traitors come the racketeers—with Charlie still in their midst, and Frank in tow, bewailing his "lost integrity" and hoping against hope that his protector is a good man.

As a thriller it is both involved and dull; as a work of art, it is galvanic and completely unreal. I don't doubt there are inner meanings, but they can't save it. The Harriet motif refuses to blend with it, and drags along extinct yet unburied. Of course, the talent is there, unmistakably; but how elaborately misapplied!

"Fire in the Dust," by Francis MacManus (Cape; 9s. 6d.), is a rather modest little story of an Irish provincial town. Modest in a double sense, for it is shy of its own material. Sex repressions and taboos are in the very air of Kilkenny; its people have grown up with them and take them for granted. But to the exotic Golden—who come from South America, though Mr. Golden is Irish-born—this atmosphere of guilt is strange and almost unbreathable. Larry, the narrator, is a classmate of Stevie Golden's, and perhaps his only friend, for Stevie doesn't "fit in." He wants to very much, he likes Ireland; but he is too different and mature, and the others think he must be showing off. Even Larry is inclined to think so, and half-repelled by him. For Larry is a thorough native, and the Golden's make him uneasy; and Maria kisses him, and throws him into a panic.

Yet, though terrified, he can't regard her as a bad woman—in spite of Joanie, the "adopted" child, who needs some accounting for. But other lads are shocked without reservation, and talk of her without restraint. Stevie doesn't blame them; he is only puzzled and distressed, and Larry catches his point of view. However, it is all a great strain; and when Stevie gets himself expelled for an "indecent" talk on pure-mindedness, Larry is quite glad to see the last of him.

But meanwhile tragedy is brewing up. Mr. Golden's foreign and rather flirtatious gallantry has made a conquest of the town's most pious old maid. Hysterical with love, she sets out to "save" and marry him, and starts with a campaign of slander against his children. This part of her design is a complete success. But there it sticks fast; and the martyr to her disappointment is the blameless, high-minded Stevie. The sexual and religious "feel" of Kilkenny is extremely good, and so is Larry's discomfort. But the thesis has a curiously old-fashioned ring—a sort of nervous chastity, and blindness to its own consequences.

I am not usually a warm admirer of Mary Fitt, or of the "stylish" thriller as a genre; and so I may be wrong in thinking "Pity for Pamela" (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.) is in her very best vein. But certainly I liked it much more than usual. It opens with the heroine's death—"Heiress Pilots Plane: Crashes"—"Pamela Deansworthy Killed." The question is, did she deserve pity; or was she ruthless and self-centred, a *femme fatale*? We have to seek the answer in her childhood, her stiff-necked clinging to the mother who ran away, and her enduring passion for the man who is called her stepfather. We learn not only what she was, but why she was killed, and other secrets of the long conflict. It is all clear-cut and exciting, and of course extremely well written.

And I must say that "Below Suspicion," by John Dickson Carr (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), affects one as a come-down. First, we have the trial of Joyce Ellis for the murder of an old lady. Her counsel is quite sure she did it, but equally convinced he can get her off. And, as he says himself, he is never wrong. But in the Ellis case, he finds he has been too clever; Mrs. Taylor's death is not the end, and only Dr. Fell has any notion of the real set-up. But those who know their Dickson Carr will make a shrewd guess. As usual, he is very ingenious—and also sinister and jolly, twopence-coloured and full of drama. That we should believe a word of it is too much to ask. K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## EUROPE AND THE MIDDLE EAST.

"THAT," said the Director of Antiquities, as we dangled our legs over the walls of the old city of Jerusalem and gazed at a peculiarly unpleasant-looking *cloaca* oozing its way down through barren rocks dancing in the heat, "is what the hymnodists call 'By cool Siloam's shady rill.'" It is not only the hymnodists who have given us a false impression of Biblical Palestine. The authors of the Old Testament, being like all their race, excellent propagandists, have given us an impression of the Ancient Israelites which is quite out of proportion. Those of us who were brought up on the Bible think

of the Jews of the Old Testament as being (temporarily) of great importance. What were the facts as seen by the historian of the whole of the ancient world? The Israelites were originally Bedouin, with the habits and desires of the Bedouin. Their wealth lay in their movable assets—their flocks. They had the age-old hunger of the Bedouin for better grazing-grounds. Their morality was that of the desert (the behaviour of Lot, Abraham's brother, would earn him to-day several columns in the police court reports of the Sunday papers which specialise in the less savoury cases). Even when, by a mixture of fraud and violence, they established a sedentary state in the land promised of Jahweh, only for a very few years did they rule over even the major part of Mandatory Palestine. The word "Philistine" has come—through the propaganda of the Old Testament—to symbolise all that is most crude and uncultivated. In fact the Philistines were of the same race as the Homeric Greeks (the Trojan wars and the Israelites' wars with the Philistines were roughly contemporary), and of an infinitely higher culture than their detractors. To fit the Bible into the pattern of the history is a fascinating study—at least, I have always found it so—and it is for this reason that I warmly recommend "Israel and the Ancient World," by the distinguished French scholar, M. Daniel-Rops (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.). This book covers the history of the Israelites from Abraham to the birth of Christ. In it we see this obscure, extraordinary race leavening the history of the world which, at the times recorded, regarded them at best as an intolerable nuisance. Through all the vicissitudes of prosperity and disaster, freedom and captivity, orthodoxy and idolatry, the thread of revelation and the belief in the one God—so difficult to cling to in a land which spawned (and spawns) cults and strange gods—somehow was maintained. As M. Daniel-Rops says: "The fundamental work of that Jewish community, that we see as so obscure among the giant empires, that which entitles it to imperishable glory, is that it has perpetuated and made available for all humanity, the religious tradition and the religious values of which it was the repository.... Let us suppose for a moment that that little community had never existed, or that it had allowed itself to be absorbed into the pagan mass: what a treasure of beauty, of spirituality, of wisdom, humanity would then have lost."

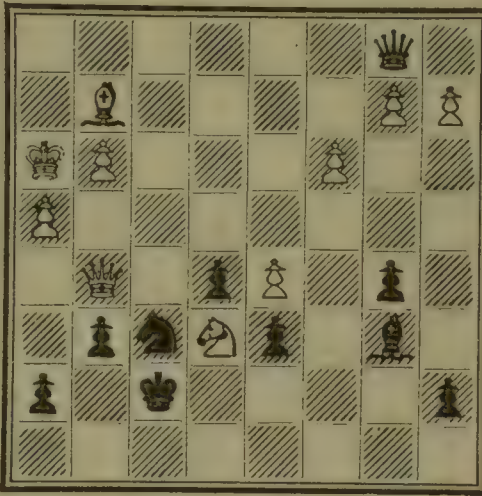
All those who have had to deal with them, from the exasperated Egyptians and Romans to the unfortunate British who were shot at by both sides in Palestine, have found the Biblical phrase, a "stiff-necked people" peculiarly apt. No race less stubborn could have survived, still less have re-established a Jewish State after nineteen hundred years. Whatever your views on recent events in Palestine and the methods whereby that State was established you should read "Jerusalem Embattled," by Harry Levin (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). The author, a South African Jew by birth, formerly Middle East correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, and now Israeli *chargé d'affaires* in Australia and New Zealand, was in Jerusalem throughout the siege by the Arabs. Of course, inevitably, it is largely propaganda. Mr. Levin recognises this inevitability when he notes in his diary: "The average Englishman in Palestine doesn't like us and doesn't believe us. One reason is that we have plugged him with too much propaganda. Bring any Jew in touch with a Gentile and at once he becomes a high-powered salesman." But as far as it is possible for Mr. Levin to be objective he tries to be so. It is an interesting picture of one side of the unhappy Palestine conflict. It is frequently exciting and sometimes, whatever one's views, moving.

It is pleasant to move from one of the most tortured and unhappy of lands to one of the happiest. M. André Siegfried has the approach of an economist, the knowledge of a historian and the eye of a journalist. Ever since I read that remarkable book of his on England, more than twenty years ago, I have looked forward to each new work from his pen. This time he analyses "Switzerland" (Cape; 12s. 6d.). As he rightly points out, Switzerland, a "kind of national park in which the achievements of two thousand years of civilisation are preserved," owes that fact to her neutrality in two world wars. But Europe has changed. Swiss neutrality was possible while she stood at the axis (with a small "a") of European power, when she was the most central of Central European States. A central position on a frontier, however, is a contradiction in terms. And the frontier of civilisation is very close, almost continuous with Switzerland's own eastern marches. This book, so carefully analytical, so agreeably written, will be read with pleasure in this country. I hope it will be studied with profit in Switzerland, a country which so many of us regard with affection—and may yet have to rely on as a bastion.

Over the Swiss frontier and into Italy. Here are two books, both designed for the tourist and frankly to take advantage of Holy Year. The first, "The Story of St. Peter's," is by C. M. Franzero (Allen; 8s. 6d.). This history of the greatest church in the world is much better than the normal guide-book account. Signor Franzero is well known as a writer and journalist in this country, and he injects a great deal of zest into his book. The other book is less distinguished but most useful. It is "Your Holiday in Italy," by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman; 8s. 6d.). It makes the somewhat sweeping claim to be "the complete guide to Italy." But even if we cannot go all that way with the author and publisher, it certainly is a very good guide, well and fully illustrated and full of useful hints and suggestions—including a helpful guide to assist the traveller to find his or her way about an Italian menu—even if for some of the dishes Mr. Cooper can only find French equivalents! E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.  
WHITE.



BLACK.

WE reached the diagrammed position last week, and pointed out that, whilst 30. ... P-KR3 was now an obviously desirable move, and whilst 31. Q×RP, Q-B4ch; 32. K-R2, Kt-Kt5ch would win White's queen, White had an excellent alternative in 32. P-KKt4, after which 32. ... Q×Pch would leave us with no useful continuation—and an attack on our own king to meet.

Can Black play ... P-KR3, and should he? Yes!

31. Q-Q2

30. P-KR3

Obviously the only habitable square on the board, if he cannot play 31. Q×RP. Why cannot he play 31. Q×RP? Because of a little *intermezzo*. After 31. Q×RP, Q-B4ch; 32. P-KKt4, Black would continue, not 32. ... Q×Pch, but 32. ... Q-Q6ch, and now everything would be equally disastrous for White: 33. K-R2, Kt×Pch, or 33. B-B3, Q×Bch; 34. K-R2, Kt×Pch, etc.

32. K-R2

31. Q-B4ch  
Kt-Kt5ch

33. K-R3

He is forced to try this desperate expedient, since 33. K-R1 would allow mate after 33. ... Q-Kt8ch. Now Black has a luxurious choice of discovered checks. Inspection reveals, however, that no knight move achieves anything tangible as the White king can go back to R2. That being so, why not rob the king of access to R2?

33. B-Kt8!

The main threat now is 34. ... Kt-B7 double check and mate; any bishop move except the nonsensical 34. B-K4 would allow mate in two by 34. ... Kt-K6 discovered check. White resigns.

It is a long time since I have written about a game in such detail. The process has opened my eyes to two things—the *extent* and the *disorderliness* of our methods of thought, even in our best-played games.

*Extent*—though I have filled this column for four weeks, ruminating over a mere seventeen moves, I have not been able to record more than a tiny fraction of all my calculations during the game—perhaps 1 per cent.

*Disorderliness*—in my text, I put first things first; emphasised the main issues clearly, made myself appear a most logical thinker. All sham! C. H. O'D. Alexander once confessed frankly how loosely we chess players think. I am with him. My mind darts here and there when I am playing. I pick up an idea, worry at it for an instant, discard it, pick it up again, discard it again. I see ten moves deep in a flash, laboriously plod over the ground again, and find I have overlooked a simple resource on move two which makes nonsense of all the rest.

These minds of ours, which have lifted us above the animals, these minds with which we harness the atom and leap through space, are most imperfect instruments. Luckily, we are good plodders, and by producing about 700,000,000 new minds every thousand years, humanity has managed to solve some of the worst problems that confront us!





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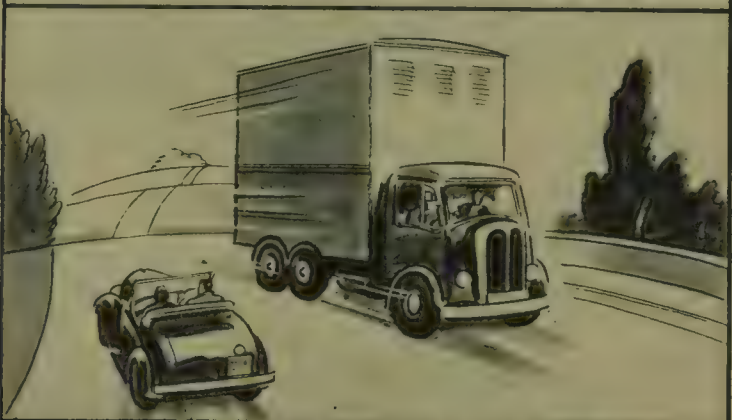


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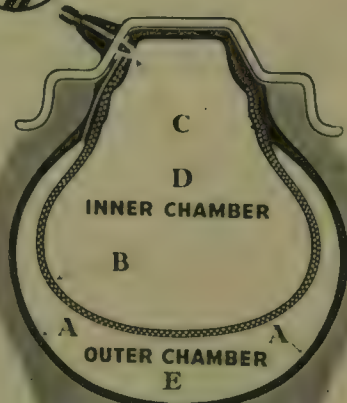
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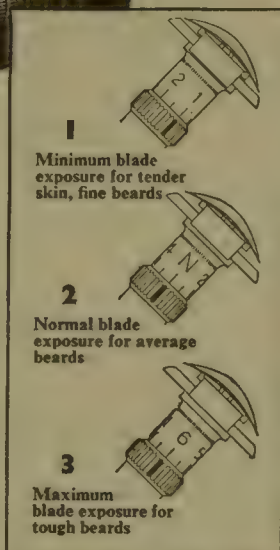
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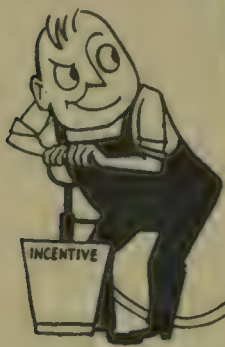
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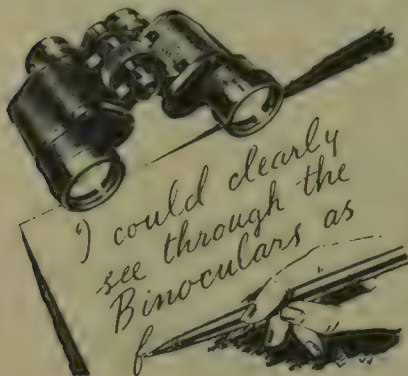
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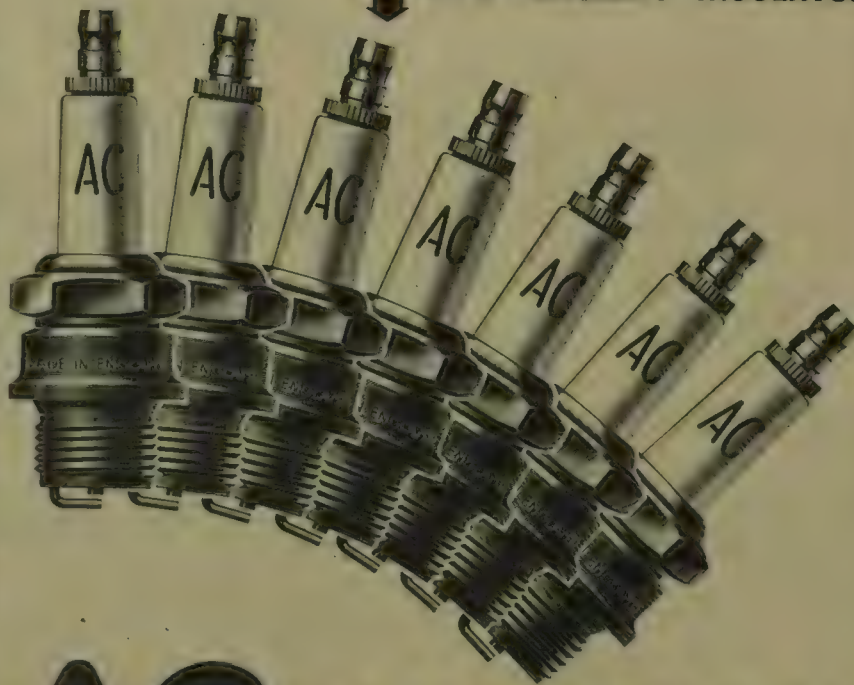
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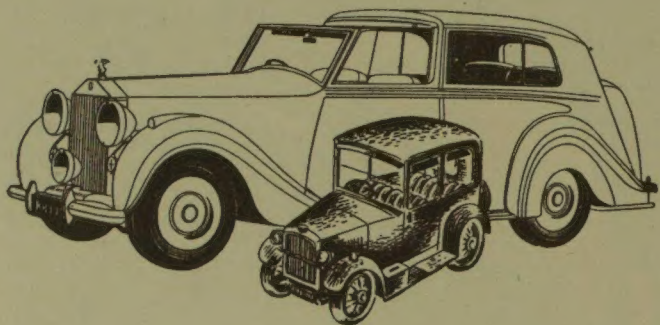
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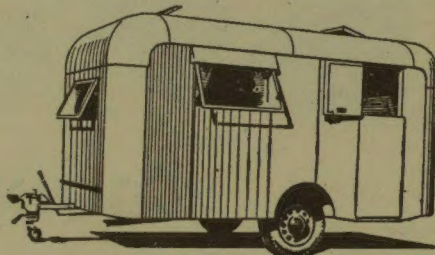
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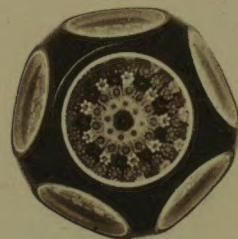
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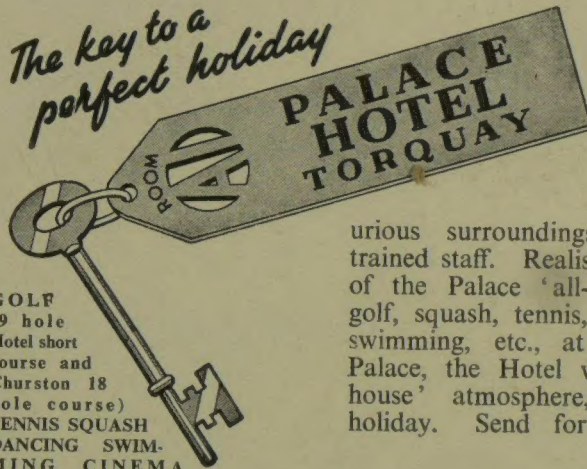
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